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STORY OF



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Write neatly and be careful of your spellings

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If you cannot use the Entry Form alongside, copy the questions ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ them neatly on a sheet ☐ paper. Then add your name, address and age before mailing to the above address.

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2 Second Prizes

Gift cheque worth Rs.150!

3 Third Prizes

Gift cheque worth Rs.50!

100 Consolation Prizes

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Quick, your entry must reach the King by: May 15, ☐



Q. Which is the world's largest ocean?

A.

Q. Which two seas are connected by the Suez Canal?

A.

Q. Tsangpo is the Tibetan name for which Indian river?

A.

Q. Which ocean borders Argentina?

A.

Q. Which is the longest river in South America?

A.

Q. Name the country to which each of the following belongs:

A. Lake Baykal :
Lake Nasser :
Lake Van :
Lake Winnipeg :

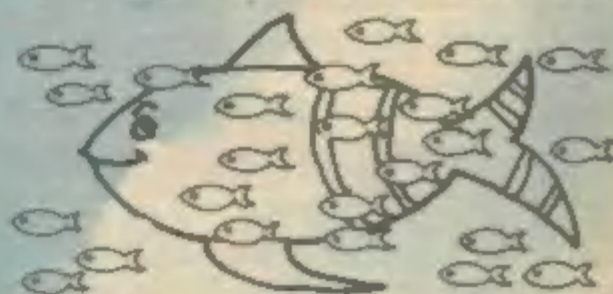
Name

Address

Date of birth Age

Fun with Fishes

Look carefully at the picture below and count the number of fishes in it.



Answer: Twentyfive

Meet the winners of the King Quiz for March:

First Prize: K. Sarkar, New Delhi
Second Prize: 1. C. Suryanarain, Madras
2. K. Aravind, Bangalore
Third Prize : 1. P.C. Praveen, Ujire
2. Nitin, Madras
3. M. Kedar, Secunderabad

Consolation prize winners have been informed by post.

And here are the winning answers:

Indian National Bird: Peacock
Sundarbans are famous for: Royal Bengal Tiger
Common Langur is also named after: Hanuman
Bandipur Tiger Reserve is in: Karnataka
The Rann of Kutch is famous for: Wild Ass
Animal for which each sanctuary is known:
Nagarjunasagar: Tiger; Kaziranga: Rhino; Gir: Lion; Bharatpur: Birds

P.S.

The King would love to know you. So please write a letter to him at the address below:

The King of Sweets



IN THIS ISSUE**Mythology:**

End of the Incarnation
—In Story of Rama ... Page 11

Stories:

Two Bandits ... Page 17
Severe Bleeding: A Threat to Life... Page 21
A Single Coin ... Page 24
A Bandit's Conscience ... Page 28
The Scholar Finds his way ... Page 32
The Unexpected Change ... Page 36
Was the Curse Effective? ... Page 39

The Kidnapped Princess ... Page 46
The Real Judge ... Page 55
The Blind Hermit ... Page 57
The Farce ... Page 59

Picture Stories:

The Miracle Seed ... Page 30
The Royal Seal (3)
—In Classic Stories of India ... Page 51

Features:

World of Nature ... Page 34
World of Sport ... Page 35

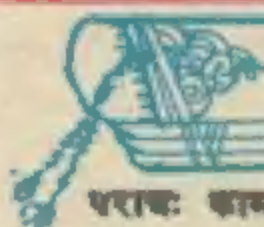
AND News Flash, Did You Know?, Let Us Know and More !

NEXT ISSUE

Vol. 18 JUNE 1988 No. 12

- ★ **STORY OF BUDDHA** : Beginning a new serial. The illustrious life of the Enlightened One who changed the course of history.
- ★ **THE ROYAL SEAL** : Continuing the intriguing story of *Adurarakshasa*.

- ★ More on the First Aid lesson—a series, written exclusively for you.
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अथ वीरा अमृतत्वं विदित्वा ध्रुवमध्रुवेष्वपि न प्रार्थयन्ते ॥

Pardcah kāmānuryanti bālāste mṛtyoryanti vitatasya pādām

Atha dhīrā amṛtatvam viditvā dhruvamadhruveṣvapi na prārthayante

The ignorant runs after false pleasures and falls into the wide net of death.
The wise knows what is eternal; he does not expect anything of lasting value
from the inconstant pleasures of life.
— *The Kathopanishad*

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Controlling Editor :
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Founder :
CHAKRAPANI

STORY OF BUDDHA

Chandamama brought to you the Story of Rama, after the Story of Krishna and the Story of Sri Jagannath. The Story of Rama, based on the original epic of Valmiki, concludes in this issue.

Now we propose to bring to you the Story of Buddha. It is the saga of a great life. The Buddha is one of those few individuals who have exercised untold influence on man's mind, civilisation and culture.

We hope, you will continue reading the serial and, we hope further, it will help you to appreciate the illustrious life of the Enlightened One and to understand his philosophy.

Thoughts to be Treasured

No labour is too mean for one who wants to earn an honest penny.

—*Mahatma Gandhi*



*Twinkle, twinkle little Gems,
How I wonder what's in them
Up above the world so high,
Like little diamonds in the sky*



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NEWS FLASH



THE LARGEST SEABIRD

Sporting a wing-span of 18 feet and weighing about 90 pounds, once a huge bird used to fly over the sea and the seashore. It got extinct five million years ago. The fossil of one bird of this species has been found in America. The largest living seabird today, the albatross, weighs only 20 pounds.

GONE WITH THE KITE!

The eight-year-old Deandra of California was flying a kite in a park when suddenly she saw herself going up! Her parents who were seated on the grass saw their daughter flying over their heads!

What happened? The nylon string of the kite got entangled in a small plane which was descending. However, after swinging through the air for 30 metres, Deandra slackened her hold on the rope and came down. Luckily, she was not injured.



THE MYSTERIOUS DIAMOND-DONOR

The Washington Museum receives many letters and parcels everyday. Inside an ordinary parcel, the other day, was found a rare object, a red diamond. Only four red diamonds are known to exist in the world, before this one came to light, but it is not known where the four are now. This is the only red diamond, worth millions, which the public can see.

ALL-WOMEN POLICE STATION

A police station with its entire staff consisting of women and fully managed by women is going to be set up at Aligarh.



"For every breath one takes, a child dies from a vaccine-preventable disease."

Every year, 3.5 million children die for want of vaccine. Imagine, the population of cities of the size of Ahmedabad or Bangalore annihilated every year.

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"YOU HAVE NOT DONE ENOUGH AS LONG AS YOU ARE CAPABLE OF DOING MORE." ACT NOW.

STORY OF

RAMA



—By Manoj Das

(Rama rescued Sita from the fort of the demon-king Ravana and was back in Ayodhya. His coronation, suspended for fourteen years, took place among great jubilation. Rama ruled the land with justice and compassion. But one day reports reached him that several subjects criticised him for his accepting Sita as his queen, for, after all, she had been a prisoner in the demon's fort. At the sorrowful Rama's instance, Lakshmana ■ Sita into the forest. The great sage Valmiki received her in his hermitage.)

END OF THE INCARNATION

With Sita absent, the court of Rama lost its glorious lustre. Rama, of course, carried on his kingly duties with calm and courage, but he was ■ sad king. A golden image of Sita adorned the throne beside him—and that was some consolation for Rama.

Years passed. Rama decided

to perform ■ great Yajna. That was the means for conveying to the gods his aspirations for the welfare of his subjects.

It was ■ grand affair. While the Yajna was to be conducted by illustrious sages Vasistha, Javali, Vamadeva and Kashyapa, hundreds of other



rishis and kings were invited to witness the sacred ritual. From Kiskindha came King Sugriva. He and his devoted Vanara lieutenants were in charge of serving the guests with food. King Vibhishana of Lanka and his faithful demons attended upon the rishis.

Even after the main ritual was over, several other functions continued to take place on the site of the Yajna. A serene happiness pervaded the atmosphere.

It was ■ quiet dawn. Rama was walking by the row of huts in which the rishis camped. Silently he was supervising the arrangements made for them.

Suddenly he was attracted by a melodious duet coming from one of the huts. Such sweet and harmonious voices he had never heard; nor had he heard such lyrical yet inspiring verses.

He found that they were sung by two young boys, twins, named Lava and Kusha, the disciples of Valmiki. A glimpse of the boys charmed Rama. He desired that they sing before an open audience of rishis and royalty. Their master gladly conceded to Rama's request.

The session was arranged. As the boys began reciting the tuneful verses while playing on the Veena, the audience sat entranced. The words uttered



by the boys seemed to vibrate the strings of their hearts and they passed into a heaven of pure bliss.

And what amazed everybody, the verses the boys sang narrated the story of Rama's life!

At the end of the first session ■■ overwhelmed Rama asked his ministers to bestow gems and other precious gifts on the boys. But the boys, with humility and dignity, begged to be spared of such favours, ■■ they had no use for wealth. They were happy to be in the forest, learning from their master and growing in the love of their mother.

Inquiry revealed that Sage Valmiki himself was the poet of those verses which he called the Ramayana. But who were the twins?

"From their dress, gait and hairstyle, it is evident that they are young hermits. Otherwise they look exactly like Rama—mirroring Rama's childhood face!" commented several elderly courtiers. But what was ■ mere guess for them, was already a certainty for Rama. The boys, indeed, were his sons. He had found this out from the hermits.



His yearning for Sita suddenly became unbearable. "O noble sage, won't Sita return to me? All I want is, she should give some proof before the people to establish the fact that she was ever pure!" This is the message Rama sent to Valmiki.

"Why not!" was Valmiki's response. "I will lead Sita to Ayodhya in the morning tomorrow."

Rama was delighted. He gave his guests the great news and all rejoiced at the prospect of Sita's return to Ayodhya. They knew that she will be able to perform some feat of miracle to convince everybody that she should be beyond all suspicion.

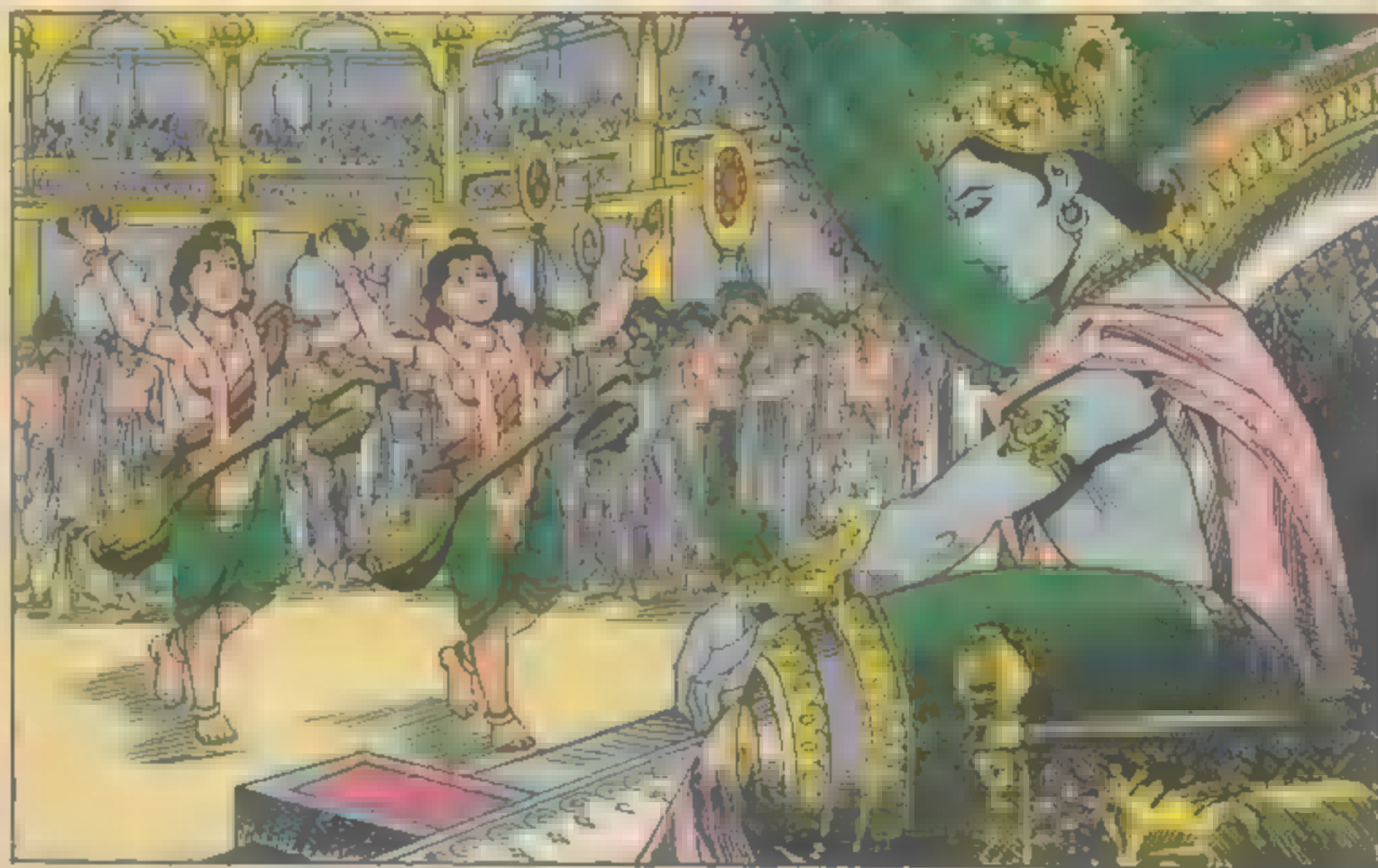
And, at the time of sunrise, Sage Valmiki was seen ushering Sita into the vast, open site of the Yajna. Sita walked with her eyes fixed on the ground, but all those who saw her felt as if the Era of Truth was making a fresh advent on the earth! Her presence made hundreds of hearts throb with a serene joy. At the same time all felt remorseful that she should have suffered so much—and for so long.

“O Rama, this is the Sita who, you know, is as pure as the flame; yet you abandoned her under the influence of gossips floated by the ignorant,” said Valmiki.

“Yes, O Sage, the fear of public opinion had dimmed my judgement. Pardon me. Now that Sita has been kind enough to come back, I shall be most delighted and shall consider myself fortunate if she appears in some test to satisfy the people and then remain here as my queen,” said Rama.

Sita came forward, her gaze still fixed on the ground. “O Mother Earth,” she said softly but distinctly, “if you know me to be pure, then receive me into your embrace—here and now!”

Lo and behold, the earth parted instantly. A radiant golden throne emerged from it,



held by bejewelled, supernatural serpents. On the throne sat the spirit of the Mother Earth. She extended her arms towards Sita and the latter gently jumped into them. The throne disappeared into the earth and the fissure on the ground too was gone.

This was so unexpected that the lookers-on stood stunned and spell-bound. Soon Rama exclaimed, "I had rescued Sita from the clutches of the demons. I will bring her back again from the womb of the earth."

Just then he was reminded of the fact that he was none other than Vishnu. Soon it will be time for him to withdraw himself from his human incarnation and he will be united with Sita in his own eternal sphere.

Indeed, the time for Rama's

departure was fast approaching. He was informed about it by the God of Time who met him in disguise. Not only Rama and his brothers, but also a number of his faithful followers proceeded to the bank of the river Sarayu and sat in meditation. Soon they were lost in trance. The river rose and carried them away.

Thus came to an end the eventful, illustrious and unique lives of Rama and Sita, the Divine incarnations—who conducted themselves like human beings while remaining above them, who suffered not only because of evil forces, but also for the sake of principles and because of ignorant men and women amidst whom they were obliged to live.

Their lives have inspired and enlightened generations of men through the ages. **The End**



FINAL YOU'LL KNOW IT!



The first ambulance was designed by Baron Dominique Jean Larrey, Napoleon's personal surgeon.

The world's first air-hostess was Miss Ellen Church, who joined work on 15 May 1930 at Oakland Airport, California.



In 1931 a tornado in the U.S.A. carried a refrigerator for two miles.



The kangaroo can jump 15 to 20 feet in one bound — at a speed of 40 miles an hour — and can go on for 20 miles without halt.



There are more insects in a square mile of rural land than there are human beings on the entire earth.



Of the 25 highest mountains on earth, 19 are in the Himalayan region.





TWO BANDITS

Gopal and Chandrabhanu were two friends. They had some lands and they could till the soil for a comfortable living, but they had gone to school. They considered themselves superior to others. That is why they did not work.

"Let's go to the town. There are plenty of opportunities there for earning happily," proposed Gopal.

"That is a brilliant idea," agreed Chandrabhanu.

So, one fine day, the two ambitious friends arrived in the town. They paid a visit to a big office sporting an elegant sign-board and announced, "We two friends are ready to work for you for a decent salary."

"It is so kind of you. But we are not yet ready to accommodate ~~like~~ like you," said the

manager of the office.

They paid visits to several offices thereafter. But there was no work for them anywhere. They spent whatever little money they had in a few days. Then they lived by free food distributed by some temples and spent their nights at free guest houses meant for pilgrims.

"How long to go on like this? Let's try our hand at a bit of robbery," proposed Gopal.

"That is not a bad idea. I'm sure, clever that we are, we will succeed at that," said Chandrabhanu.

After some observations, they chose a lonely house situated in a narrow lane for their first operation. The house belonged to a jeweller. He had his show-room and shop in the bazar, but he stocked his jewel-



lery at home, in a safe.

"All that is necessary is to take his treasure out of his safe. Then we will go over to another town and sell the booty to some jeweller there. Then we will be rich," said Gopal.

"That should not be difficult at all!" said Chandrabhanu.

At night, before the jeweller was back home, they managed to open the lock of his house. Chandrabhanu entered the house and Gopal locked it. Chandrabhanu went to hide himself inside the house. He was to mark where the jeweller kept the key of his safe. After the

jeweller went to bed, he was to open the safe and take out the treasure and come out through the rear door.

Chandrabhanu entered the jeweller's bedroom and climbed the loft and waited patiently. The jeweller came home when it was quite dark. He lighted a lantern and went through his accounts. Then he retired to bed, tucking the key of his safe under his pillow.

Chandrabhanu waited for him to fall asleep. But he began to feel uneasy and nervous. After a while there was a knock on the door.

"Who is there?" asked the jeweller.

"I come from your father-in-law's village. There is some important news for you from your wife. Will you please open the door?" said the man outside the house.

The jeweller opened the door. Suddenly the stranger pushed his way in, brandishing a knife and said in a grim voice, "Open the safe!"

"I will not!" said the jeweller.

"Then prepare to die!" said the bandit as he raised his knife.

Suddenly Chandrabhanu jumped down and planted a blow on the bandit's arm. The knife fell down. The jeweller and Chandrabhanu captured him and tied his hands. Two guards were patrolling the streets. They arrived on the scene and led the bandit away to the kotwal.

The jeweller focused his stern gaze on Chandrabhanu and asked him, "Who are you? What were you doing up there on my loft?"

Chandrabhanu fell at the jeweller's feet and narrated all about his adventure.

The jeweller was at first stunned. Then he said, "Whatever be your motive, Providence used you to save my life. I should help you. I believe that

you ~~are~~ not a seasoned bandit. Had you been that, you would have waited till the other bandit had got hold of my treasure. Then you would have either killed him or obliged him to part with half of the booty.

"Sir, I could not restrain myself when I saw the bandit about to stab you," said Chandrabhanu.

"That shows that you are a good man. I don't know what kind of man your friend is. But, for your sake, I can give him too a chance," said the jeweller. He employed both of them as his assistants in his shop. The two friends had meanwhile learnt something about the ways of the world. They worked hard and faithfully. In course of time they became share-holders in the jeweller's business.



SEVERE BLEEDING: A THREAT TO LIFE

By Dr. R. Jagannath.

Uncle Ram and the children were ready to continue the first aid class.

Kumud began by asking, "When we find that the victim is alive and breathing all right, what do we do next, uncle?"

Uncle Ram answered, "We must quickly check to see if he is bleeding heavily from any part of his body. If he is, we must try to stop it immediately by applying pressure on the wound."

"How do we apply pressure on

the wound, uncle?" asked Vinod.

"Make the victim lie down to prevent fainting. Take the cleanest piece of cloth you can get at the moment and fold it into a pad with a smooth surface, without wrinkles. Put this pad on the bleeding part and press it firmly with your hand. If the wound is on a limb, raise it above the level of the body while keeping up the pressure on the wound. If the pressure is maintained for a few minutes, the bleeding usually



stops. Then bandage the part firmly over the pad, with any long piece of cloth you can get. If some blood oozes through and soaks the bandage, tie more bandages firmly on top of the first one, without removing it. The bandage should be tight, but not so tight that you can not feel the pulse beyond the wound. Then take the victim to the hospital in a lying position if possible and leave the cleaning of the wound to the doctor."

Uncle Ram paused and then added, "What I have told you now is for wounds that bleed heavily. I will tell you later how to deal with wounds that are not bleeding heavily."

"What if the bleeding continues in spite of the pressure, uncle?" asked Vinod.

"In the unusual case where the wound continues to bleed heavily in spite of the pressure on the pad, probably an artery is injured and the pad has not been placed in the right place to press on the injured artery effectively. Then firm pressure on the exact point where the artery is injured will stop the bleeding."

"With such a heavy bleeding, how can we find the exact point



of injury to the artery, uncle?" asked Kumud.

"And if we remove the pad to look for the injured artery, won't the bleeding become worse?" joined in Vinod.

"As I said earlier, if there is only some soaking of blood through the pad, we should not risk removing the pad. We must put additional bandages with even pressure on the pad, and try to take the victim quickly to the nearest hospital. But if the bleeding continues to be severe and it will take some hours before the victim can reach a hospital, we can not risk leaving it as it is."

"So?" asked both the children.

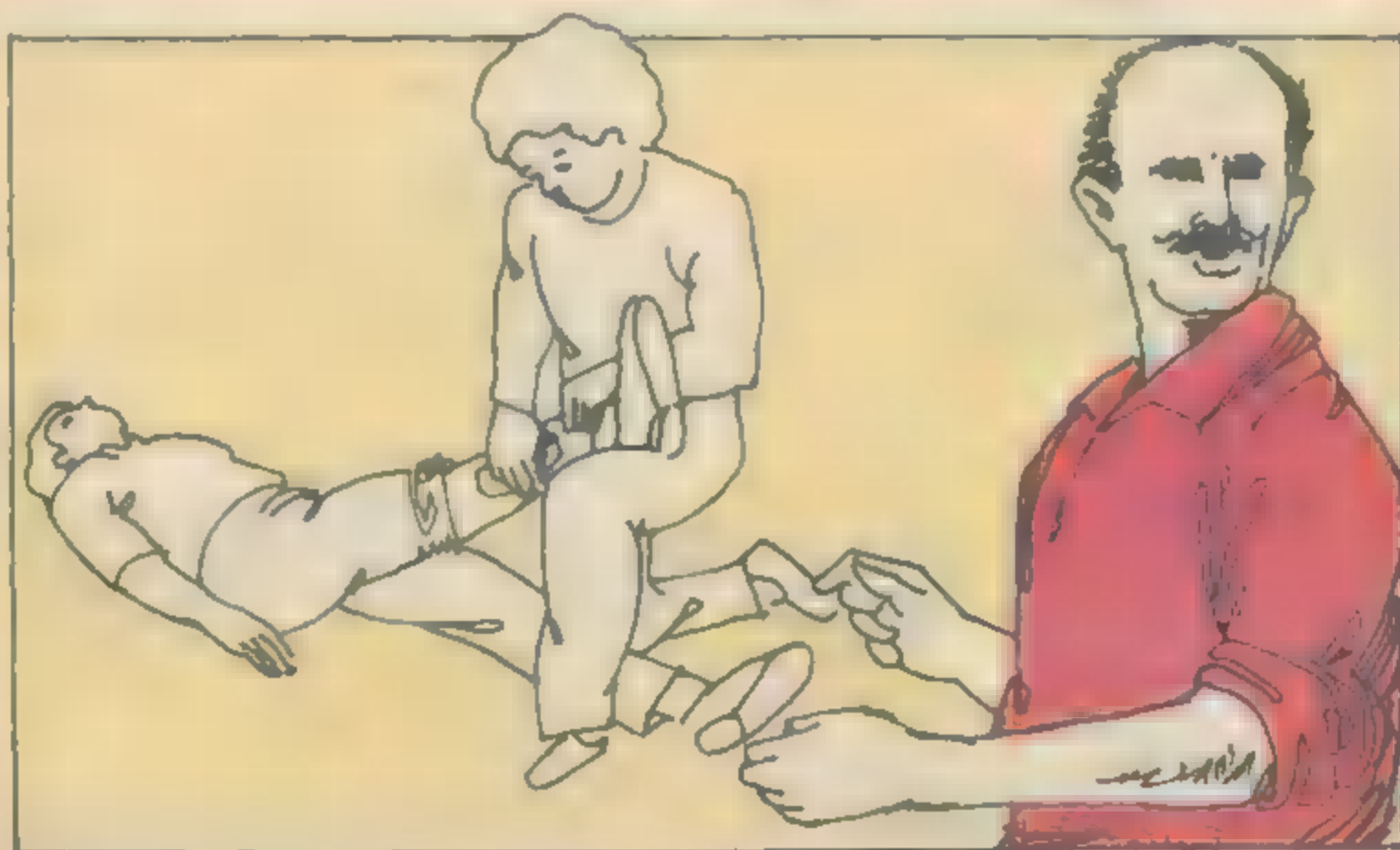
"So what do we do? We stop the blood supply to the injured limb temporarily, just for a few minutes. Do you remember that I had shown you how to feel the pulse on the inner side of the arms and the front of the groin? At these places, the artery can be pressed against the bone with the thumb and that will stop the blood-supply to the limb. These places are called pressure points." Uncle paused to check whether Kumud and Vinod remembered these places correctly. He resumed:

"By pressing on the artery at the pressure point with the thumb,

the blood supply to the limb is temporarily stopped. Then we can quickly remove the pad, wipe the blood and slightly release the pressure, while observing the wound. We can see the location of the injured artery which will begin to spurt out blood. Once we have located the exact point of the heavy bleeding, we can apply more effective pressure on that spot with a pad and then bandage it tight."

"We hope, we are able to do so," mused Vinod.

"If you are alone and need to apply pressure on the pressure point it may be easier to tie a



piece of cloth or bandage around the arm or the thigh, tight enough to stop the pulse in the limb. Such a tight bandage around a limb to stop blood-supply to that limb is called a tourniquet. After controlling the bleeding by proper placing of the pad and pressure-bandaging of the wound, you must release the tourniquet."

"Why can't we leave the tourniquet to prevent the heavy bleeding, uncle?" asked Vinod.

"If the blood supply to the limb is cut off, after a while the cells in the limb will start dying. So we should put the tourniquet only as temporary measure till we can put a proper pressure-bandage. In a rare case where it is absolutely necessary to keep a tourniquet on, to save life because otherwise it is impossible to stop heavy bleeding, it is necessary that every fifteen

minutes the tourniquet must be released for a few seconds and then tied again if necessary. This will prevent damage to the limb due to a lack of blood supply."

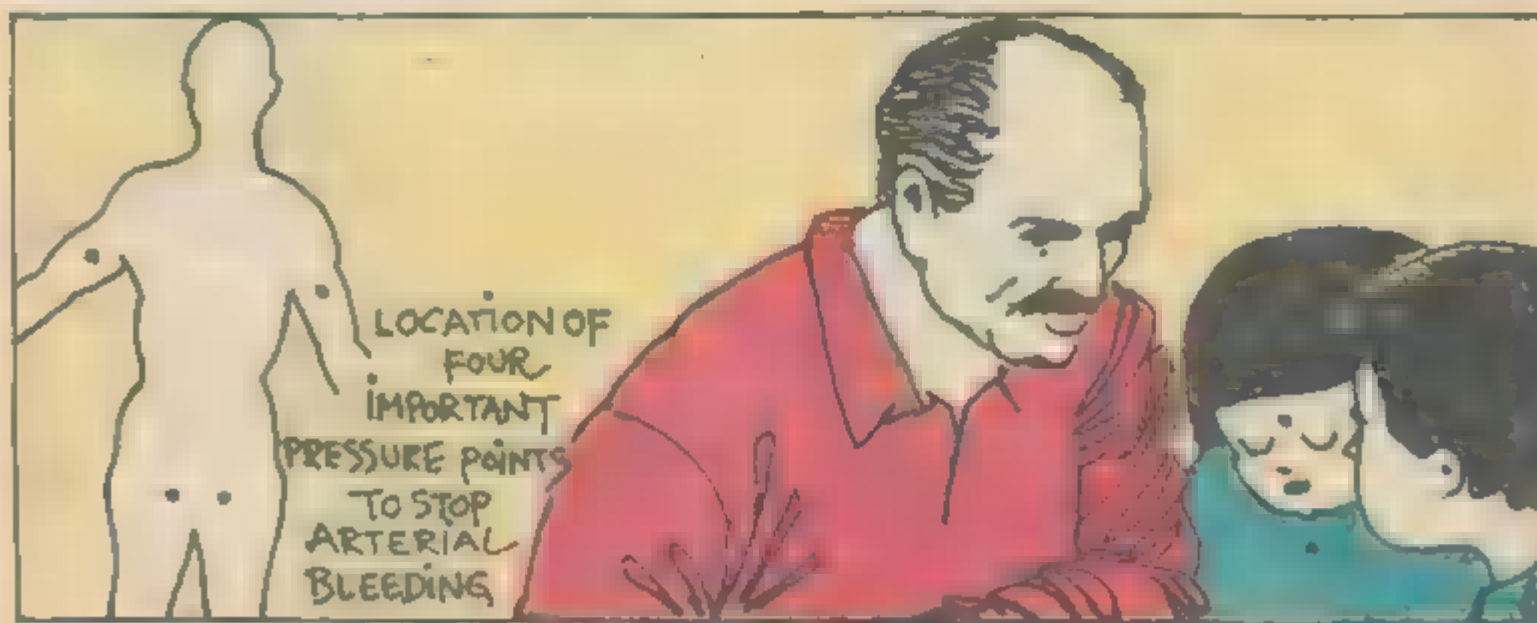
Kumud asked, "This method can be applied only for injuries on the limbs, isn't it uncle?"

"Yes," replied Uncle Ram. "For injuries of head, neck and trunk, we have to try to stop the bleeding by firm bandaging alone. In fact, bleeding from most of the injuries on the body can be stopped with a pressure-bandage. Only in a few rare cases of limb injuries will it be necessary to apply the tourniquet when bleeding becomes a threat to life."

"It is so educative, Uncle!" observed Kumud.

"Good. But more later," said the uncle.

To continue





A SINGLE COIN

Kumar was a wealthy young man. He had inherited a big business from his father. He lived in a care-free manner, assured of a safe income.

One day he went to the town on business. As he was talking to a friend outside a shop, a mendicant approached him and said, "Can you give me a coin? I am hungry."

"I don't believe in giving alms to beggars," said Kumar.

"That is a good ideal to follow," said the mendicant.

Kumar had bought something from the shop and had handed over a gold coin to the shop-keeper. He was to receive five silver coins back. The shop-keeper gave him four silver coins and said, "Sorry, sir, I don't have any more change at the moment. Should I give you anything of that value?"

"Who cares! I don't need anything. Forget about that coin," said Kumar and he left with his friend.

The mendicant who stood there observing the goings-on, smiled. Kumar, of course, took no notice of it.

Days passed. Things are not always predictable in business. Several enterprises of Kumar failed. Before he had realised what was happening, he found himself neck-deep in debt.

His business establishment was put up for auction. He was declared bankrupt. He had to sell his mansion for a small price. He moved to a house which was no better than a hut.

"I must go to the town and seek my fortune there," he thought. As he began walking towards the town, he came across a lake. He stood gazing at it. There was

nobody nearby.

"What if I drown myself? That will put an end to all my problems," he thought.

"No, that is not the solution to your problems. To drown yourself will be a sinful act. You have to suffer its consequences," said a traveller who looked like a sage.

Kumar fell at his feet and said, "Since you could read my mind, you possess great powers. Won't you help me to come out of my crisis?"

"I will, provided you promise to make the right use of money when you begin to earn again," said the sage.

"I promise, but I must know

what is right and what is wrong use of money!" said Kumar.

"That knowledge will be given to you when the time comes." With these words the sage taught him a hymn and asked him to offer obeisance to Goddess Lakshmi reciting that hymn. "The hymn will be effective for ten days," he said.

Kumar thanked him and went home. He went to his neighbour who was a rich man and requested him to lend him a picture of Goddess Lakshmi for ten days. The rich man's wife came out and showed him a picture and said, "The glass on it has broken. I can lend it to you for ten days provid-





ed you promise that you will not begin offering obeisance to the picture before fixing a new glass on it."

"I promise," said Kumar and he left with the picture.

He went to an artisan who framed pictures. "The glass and my labour will cost one silver coin," said the artisan and he demanded the amount in advance.

"I promise to give it after ten days," said Kumar.

"Very well. I will take up your work after ten days," said the artisan.

Kumar understood that the ar-

tisan who knew how poor he had become, suspected that he may not pay him at all.

"You can do another thing," suggested the artisan. "Work in my field for three consecutive days. The value of your labour will be equal to one silver coin."

Kumar agreed to the proposal and began working. After two days the artisan said, "I've no more work to offer for the time being. Come after two days."

Kumar reported for work after two days. "Let me work for a day more so that I can have the picture covered by glass," he said.

"Not one day. You must work for three consecutive days. That was the condition!" said the artisan.

Kumar sighed with anguish. He took the picture back and went to another artisan.

"Give me a silver coin and the work will be done," said the artisan. Kumar went to a money-lender and requested him to lend him a silver coin. "You can have it, provided you return it in five days with another coin added to it as interest," said the money-lender.

Kumar agreed to the condition. Only four or five days more were

left for the period of ten days during which the hymn will be effective.

He got the picture covered by glass and installed it on a clean pedestal and prayed to Goddess Lakshmi reciting the hymn. At night he dreamt that he was digging a particular spot on a piece of small land which still belonged to him. He discovered a large pot filled with gold ingots. As he grew happy in his dream, the sage's face flashed before him. "Kumar, now that you have got enough to start your business afresh, you ought to know how to spend money properly. If you really believe that alms-giving is

bad, there is nothing wrong in your belief. There are arguments both in favour of alms-giving and against it. But while you did not give a coin to a hungry man, you left it with a shop-keeper who did not deserve it. This was an insult to money."

Suddenly Kumar realised that the mendicant was none other than the sage. He woke up. It was still dark. He went to the field of which he had dreamt and discovered the pot. He began his business once again and earned much. He was very generous—but generous for the right cause. He now realised how precious a single coin can be.





A folktale from Kashmir

A BANDIT'S CONSCIENCE

There was a noble man in Kashmir named Gulab Pandit who had lately grown poor. It was because his father and grandfather used to spend money too liberally. They had borrowed a lot from some other wealthy men of the town which Gulab had to repay.

But Gulab never let anybody know his condition. He was courteous and generous to all as usual. However, he was greatly worried about his daughter. She was a beautiful girl and was of marriageable age. But he had no means to arrange for a wedding ceremony.

One day a fellow named Viman Singh told Gulab Pandit, "Can I marry your daughter?"

Gulab was shocked at the fellow's audacity. Viman was an elderly man and had a bad reputation as a money-lender. He

never returned the ornaments the poor folk pledged with him against paltry loans.

"Viman, I don't think you're being sensible with your proposal!" said Gulab.

"In other words you don't think that I'd make a good enough match for your beautiful daughter!" said Viman Singh with anger.

"Precisely!" said Gulab gravely.

Viman went away in a huff. The same day he contacted a bandit and told him, "Gulab Pandit must be having a lot of money and ornaments ready for his daughter's wedding. Why not burgle his house? But you must give me a share of what you get."

"There will be a moonless night tomorrow. You know, the darkest nights are of special significance for the bandits. If I don't get any booty, a whole year ahead will be

bad for me. Are you sure Gulab has enough in his house?" asked the bandit.

"I'm absolutely sure about it."

"Good. Wait near the deserted temple for your share."

The bandit entered Gulab's house during the next night and waited for his chance. He heard Gulab's wife telling Gulab, "What about our daughter's marriage?"

"What can I do? I see dark when I think of it. I have neither money nor even an ounce of gold. How to go about it?" asked Gulab with great anguish.

His wife sighed and wept.

The bandit was greatly moved. Then he felt terribly angry with Viman who had deceived him with a false report about Gulab's condition.

He sneaked out and straight

went to Viman's house. He was not prepared to fail in his enterprise on that moonless night. He burgled Viman's house thoroughly and carried a portion of the booty to the deserted temple. Viman received it with great happiness, thinking it to be his well-earned share.

The bandit carried the rest of the jewellery to Gulab's house and threw the bundle into his room with a note which read:

"For your daughter's marriage."

In the morning Gulab and his wife were as surprised as they were delighted. But Gulab carried the jewellery to the king and told him how he found it.

"The wealth is yours now, spend it by all means," said the king who also rewarded him for his honesty. Gulab performed his daughter's marriage in great style.

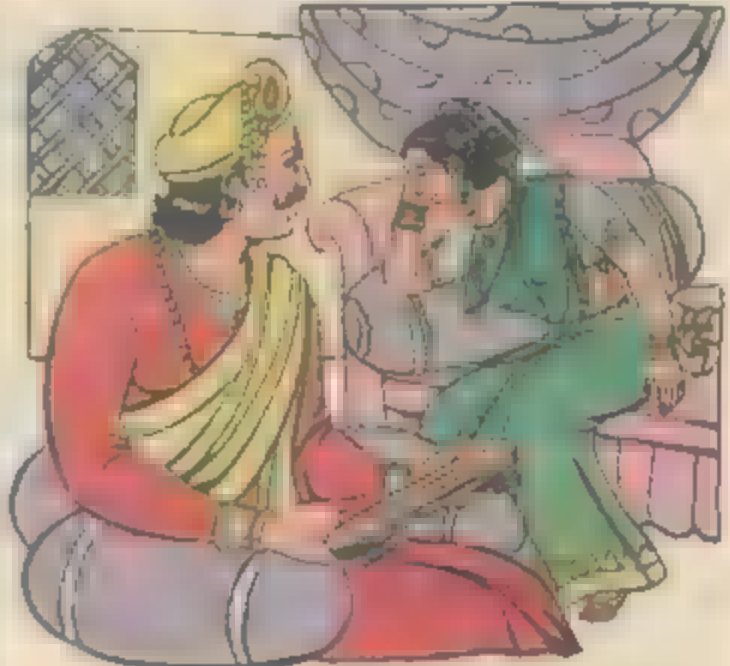


THE MIRACLE SEED



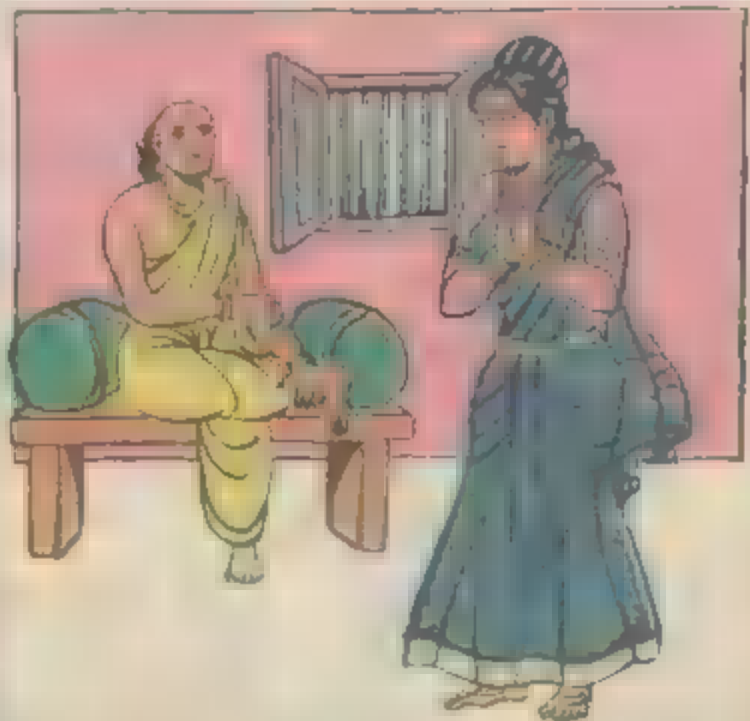
"O Queen, I've completed writing a play and you'll be the first person to hear it," the king announced happily as he entered the queen's chamber.

The king went on reading. No doubt, the queen enjoyed it, but by mid-night she dozed off. The king shut the manuscript.

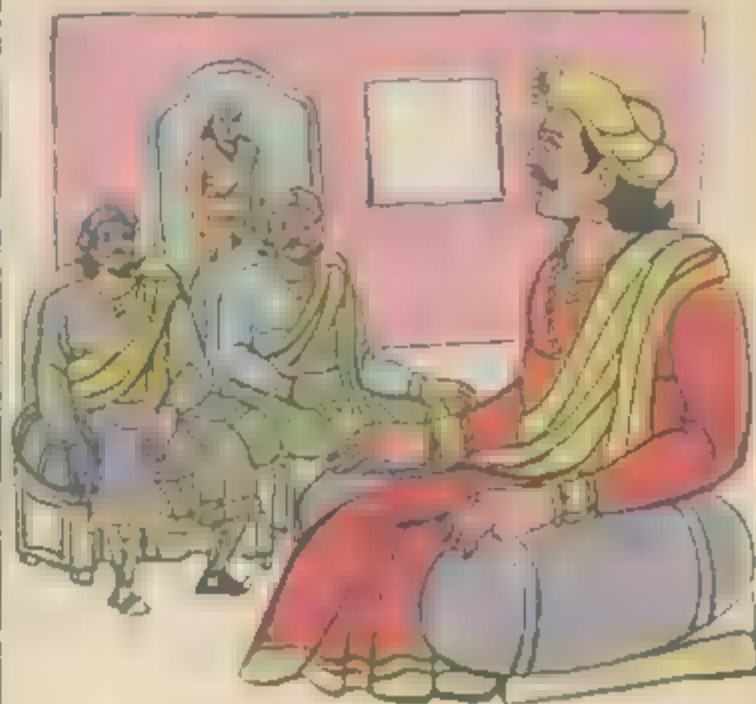
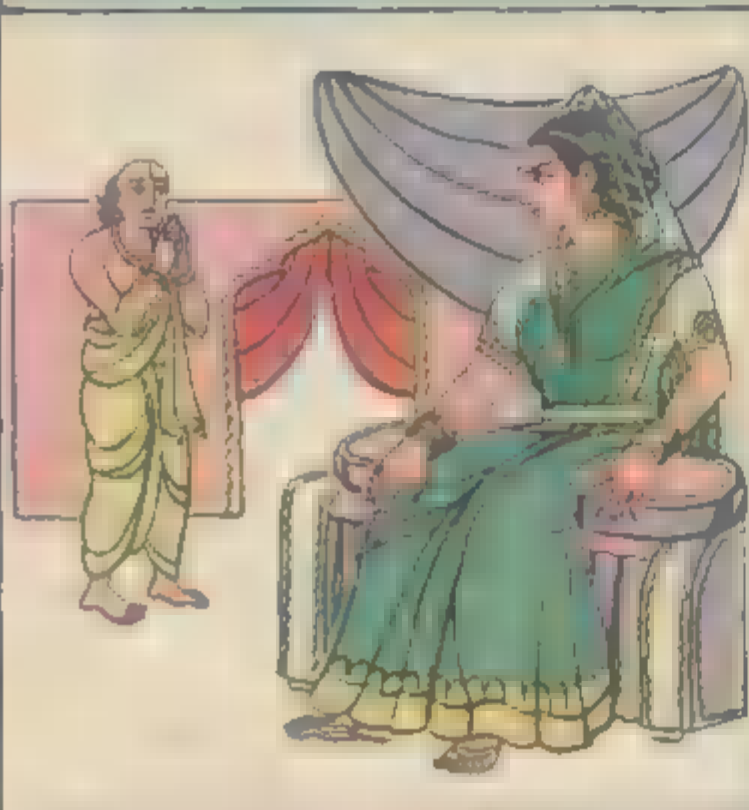


In a huff the king left her apartment. The queen, who woke up with a shock, was too embarrassed to call him back.

Days passed, but the king did not visit the queen's apartment. The queen sent her maid to call Tenali Rama.

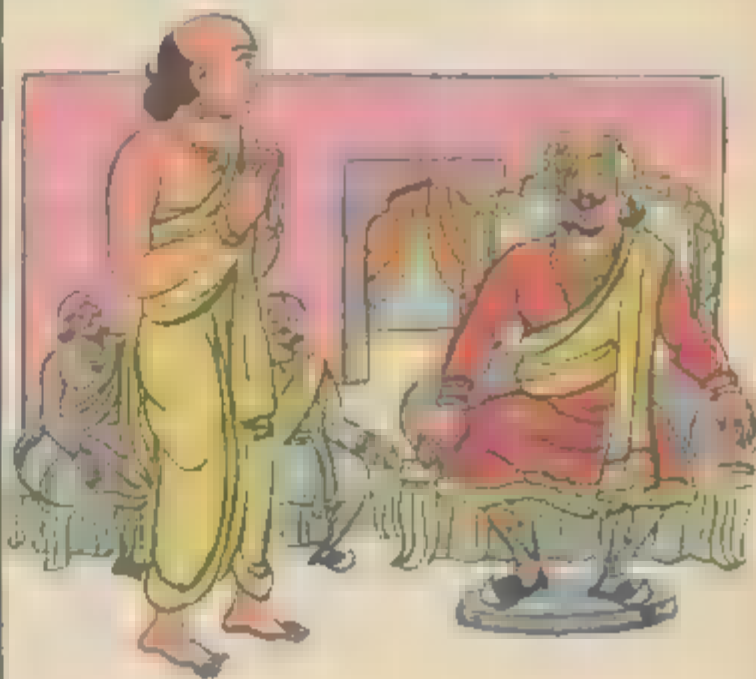
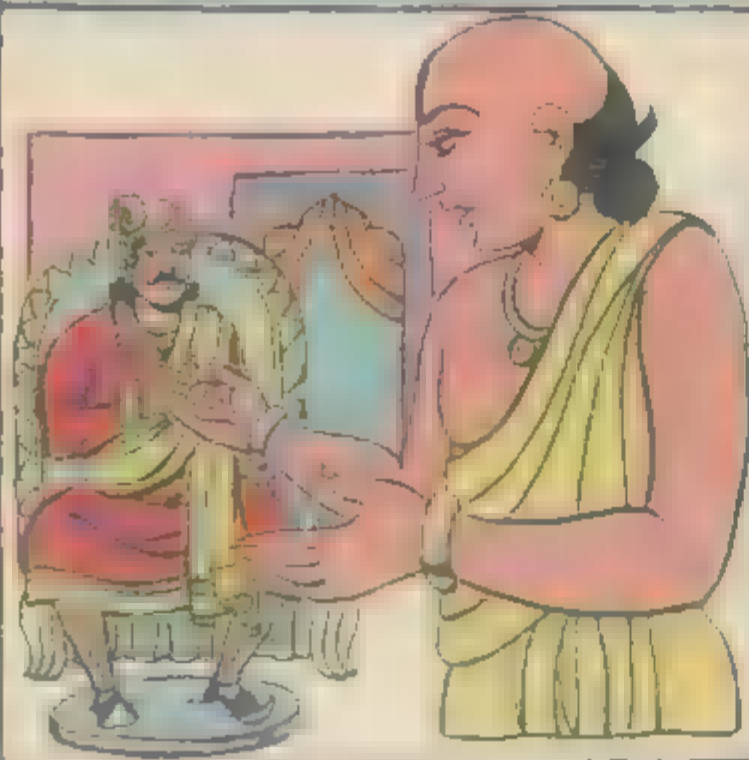


Tenali Rama met the queen and listened to her woe. "Your Majesty, dozing and drama do not go together, true, but I'll do my best," he said.



The king was discussing with his ministers how to raise better crop in a desert-like area.

"My Lord, this seed will yield a tenfold crop!" said Tenali Rama, showing a seed. "With what manure?" asked the king. "No manure, but this must be sown by somebody who never dozed off!" said Tenali Rama.



"There is nobody who never dozed!" said the king. "Since you've realised that, My Lord, I'll inform the queen," said Tenali Rama. "Don't worry I'll tell the queen myself!" said the king, laughing.



Legends and Parables of India

THE SCHOLAR FINDS HIS WAY

Magha, the poet in the court of King Bhoja of Ujjain was very proud of the fact that he was a great scholar. The king too was no less proud because he had such a great scholar among his courtiers. "Nobody can defeat Magha in a dialogue or an exchange of wit," the king often said. Magha smiled, agreeing with the observation in silence.

Once in a while the king put on some disguise and looked like a commoner and roamed about to see the conditions of his subjects personally. On such occasions one of his favourite ministers or courtiers accompanied him.

One day the king took Magha for his companion and went out to survey a frontier area of his kingdom. They roamed about for long and then decided to return to the nearest town where they

had spent the night.

But they did not know which way to take for reaching their destination. There was not a soul to be seen nearby. However, they were lucky to meet an old woman, stooping with age, walking alone.

"Granny, where does this road go?" asked Magha.

The old woman looked at them and, sporting a toothless smile, said, "My son, the road never goes anywhere. Human beings go to their destinations walking along it. Who are you?"

"We are travellers, granny!" replied Magha, surprised at the ~~meaning~~ of the woman's speech.

"Travellers?" The woman smiled again. "I thought there were only two travellers, the sun and the moon. Tell me truly, who are you?"

"We are two impermanent

human beings!" said Magha, in a bid to impress the old woman with his philosophy.

"My son, only youth and wealth are impermanent. Human beings who have immortal souls in them, are not impermanent. Tell me who you are," the old woman persisted in her question.

Magha was so surprised that for a moment he could not speak. "We are kings!" joined in the king.

The old woman looked at him with a twinkle in her eyes. "My son, the scriptures recognise only two beings as true kings. They are Yama, the God of Death and Indra, the king of the Gods. Please don't mind. Tell me who you are."

"We don't mind, for we are two souls known for our mercifulness," said Magha.

"Mercifulness? Only Mother Earth and Mother are known for

mercifulness. Tell me, who you are," said the old woman.

"Well, granny, we are defeated. Tell us the way," said Magha.

"Defeated? Only he who loses his character or he who betrays somebody is the person who is defeated before destiny. Who are you?" asked the woman.


Magha and the king kept quiet. The old woman smiled and said, "But I know who you are. I have shown you the way."

The old woman went away. Magha and the king understood what way she had shown to them. It was the way of humility, for they had been proud all along.

Of course, they found their way to the town with the help of some passers-by. But never again in his life Magha forgot the way shown by the mysterious woman.


Retold by Jyotshna Devi Sahu.





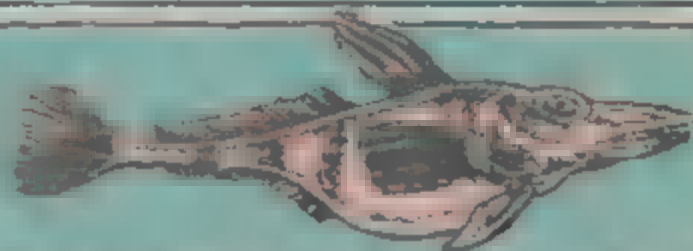
GRAND CANYON

THE LARGEST GORGE IN THE WORLD IS THE GRAND CANYON IN ARIZONA, USA. IT STRETCHES FOR 217 MILES (349 KM) WITH A WIDTH THAT VARIES FROM 4 TO 18 MILES (6 TO 29 KM) AND IS 7,000 FT (2,133 M) DEEP. IT WAS FORMED BY THE COLORADO RIVER 225 MILLION YEARS AGO. THE STRANGE SHAPES ARE DUE TO THE DRY CLIMATE AND THE CONSEQUENT WEATHERING OF THE CANYON SIDES.



THE DEPTH OF THE SAHARA DESERT VARIES FROM A FEW INCHES TO 400 FEET (121.92M)

SAHARA



TRANSPARENT BLOOD

THE ICE FISH OF ANTARCTICA HAS BLOOD THAT IS ALMOST TRANSPARENT. IT LACKS THE RED PIGMENT — HAEMOGLOBIN — WHICH CARRIES 90 PER CENT OF THE BODY'S OXYGEN SUPPLY IN RED BLOODED CREATURES.

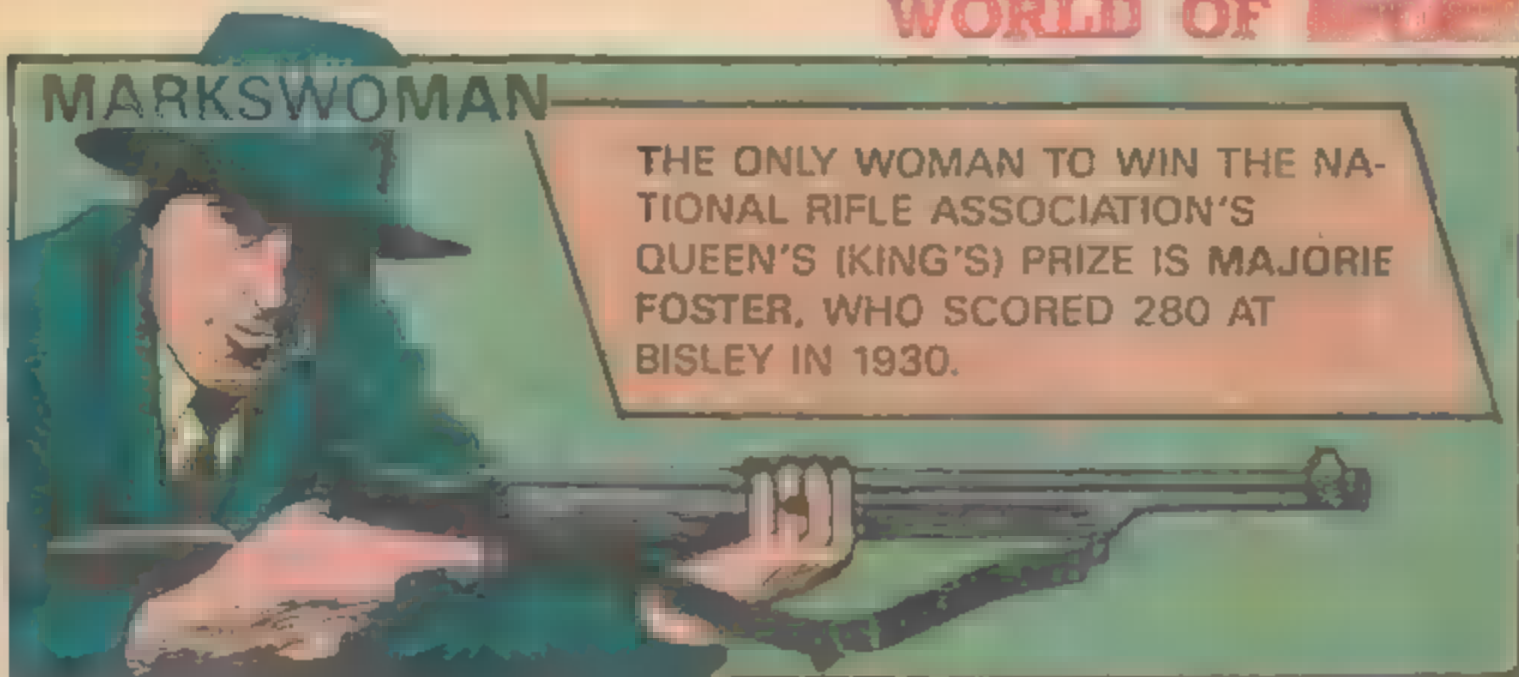


ELEPHANT NAP

ELEPHANTS SLEEP ONLY TWO HOURS A DAY.

MARKSWOMAN

THE ONLY WOMAN TO WIN THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION'S QUEEN'S (KING'S) PRIZE IS MAJORIE FOSTER, WHO SCORED 280 AT BISLEY IN 1930.



TRIPLE WINNER

BRITAIN'S TOMMY SOPWITH WON THE 236 MILE (379 KM) LONG COWES - TORQUAY POWERBOAT RACE THREE TIMES - 1961, 1968 AND 1970.



GAELIC

GAELIC FOOTBALL COMBINES ELEMENTS OF SOCCER AND RUGBY. TEAMS CONSIST OF 15 PLAYERS AND GOALS SCORED BY KICKING OR FISTING THE BALL INTO THE NET.





THE UNEXPECTED CHANGE

"Who is this young man heading straight towards my abode?" a shrill voice called out from ■■■ old banyan tree in the forest. And it continued, "I've lived in this tree for ■ century. Never have I seen a human being stepping into this area of the forest at night. Human footsteps, however faint, disturb my sleep. I will kill you!"

"Do kill me at your earliest, whoever you are," said the young man. He was Gopal of Kantipur.

"What is happening to human beings nowadays? I'm a vampire and you are not afraid of me. You ■■■ even ready to die in my hands. May I know why?" asked the spirit.

"Listen to me, you good old vampire, I ■■■■ to the forest in order to be killed by a tiger or some such beast. What difference does it make to ■■■ if you do the

job?" replied Gopal.

"What's the matter, young man? Why are you so disgusted with life?" asked the vampire.

Gopal narrated his sad story: In his neighbourhood lived Leela, a beautiful girl. Gopal nurtured the desire to marry her. At last he expressed his desire to her. She said nothing, but led him into her room. Gopal was very happy. But when he was inside the room, Leela dragged him close to the mirror and asked him, "What do you see?"

"A long, clean mirror!" Gopal replied.

Leela laughed loudly. "Don't you see your reflection? Do you think that you will make a befitting husband for me?" she asked and showed him the door.

Gopal's anguish was unbearable. He decided to end his life.

"Instead of ending your life, what if you return home as a handsome lad?" asked the vampire.

"That would be just wonderful," said Gopal.

Suddenly an ice-cold blast swept across Gopal's face. The vampire asked him to go home and have a good sleep. "You have grown as charming as a gundharva," he was assured.

But Gopal turned up at the banyan tree again the next night.

"What happened?" asked the vampire.

"Vampire, I told Leela all about your magic and she looked at me and admitted that I was the most charming young man she had ever seen. But she said that charm alone was not enough. I must possess enough money," said Gopal with a sigh.

"Here it is," said the vampire. And with a thud fell a bag on the ground. Gopal picked it up and looked into it. It was filled with gold coins. He thanked the vampire and went home with a bright smile.

Alas, he was again there the next night, looking as gloomy as ever.

"What is the problem now? You are handsome and wealthy.



That should make you the finest bridegroom in the land!" observed the vampire.

"That should. But Leela says that these qualities are not enough. I should have matching intelligence!" said Gopal.

"I see. Come closer," said the vampire.

Gopal stood directly under the tree. The tree shook. A shower of leaves fell on his head.

"Go home. You've grown not only intelligent, but also wiser," said the vampire.

Next night Gopal did not turn up, but a young lady was seen heading towards the banyan tree, weeping.

"Are you Leela? I was expecting you," said the vampire.

"Yes. Are you the vampire? Why did you expect me?" asked Leela, sobbing.

"I can tell you why you are here. You want to complain to me against Gopal. He is not willing to marry you, ■■■ I right?" asked the vampire.

"Right. Why did he suddenly change his mind? Now I'm dying to marry him! He was after me till yesterday, was ready to do anything for me. And today, he did not even smile at me. When I smiled at him, he looked in another direction. Why did this happen?" asked Leela in anguish and sorrow.

"You foolish girl, don't you understand that Gopal has grown intelligent? Will any intelligent young man marry ■ heartless girl

like you? A girl who is so proud of her beauty that she will drag ■ suitor before ■ mirror and tell him to his face that he was ugly, does not deserve to be loved. Besides, Gopal can now marry ■ much better girl than yourself. Proud of beauty, are you? Don't you know that a sickness tomorrow, old age day after tomorrow can deprive you of all your beauty? How can you insult someone else because your maker made you temporarily beautiful? You don't look beautiful to me! Anybody who is proud looks ugly. Go away. Forget about Gopal. I've not slept properly for last three nights."

Leela went on crying and speaking. But the vampire did not respond. She waited for long. Then she left the forest sadder than ever.





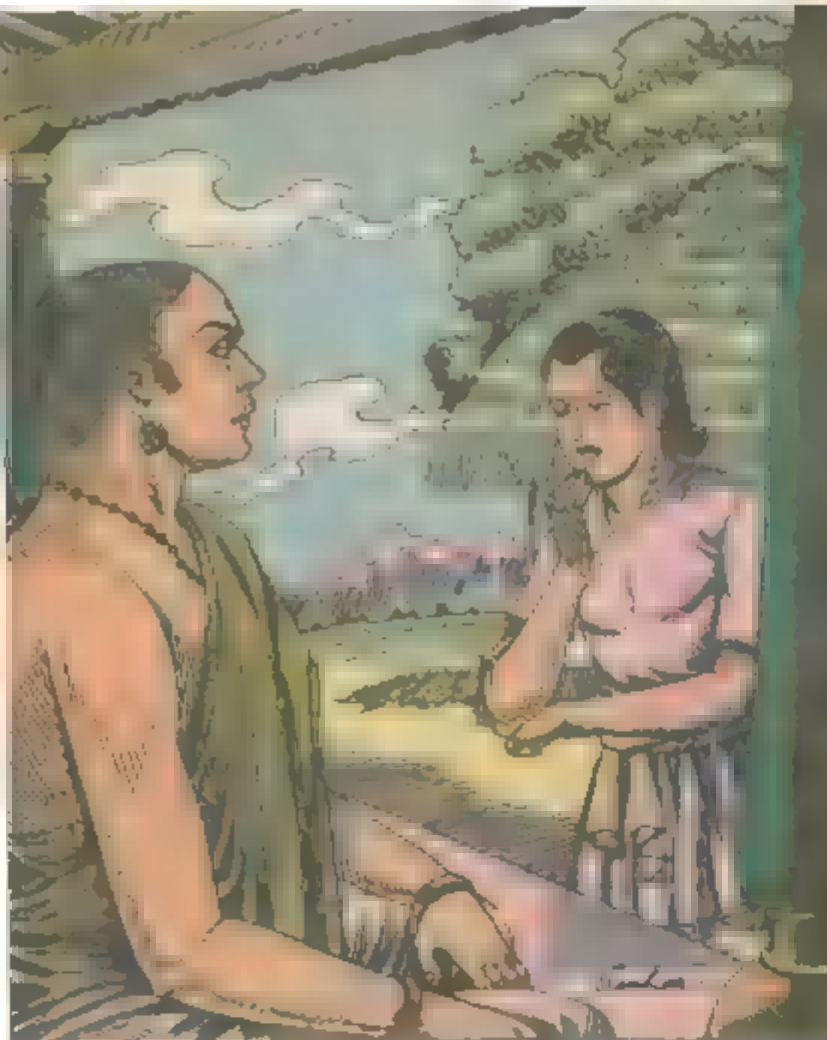
New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire

WAS THE CURSE EFFECTIVE?

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At the intervals of the roars of thunder and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, ■ soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, is it quite possible that you will succeed in the task you have taken up, but will the fruits of your success remain with you forever? Let me illustrate my question with an example. Pay attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: In the city of Madhurapura lived a renowned scholar named



Jayananda. He had educated many young men. But he gave up teaching when he was appointed the king's priest. He had to visit the palace almost everyday for one ritual or the other. He had no time for teaching.

However, one day a young **man** named Shekhar met him and told him about his great eagerness to learn from him. Guru Jayananda was impressed by his sincerity. "All right, my boy, you can stay with me. I will guide you in your studies whenever I have time," he said.

Shekhar was delighted. He stayed on and devoted himself to his studies with great concentra-

tion. He also served his guru in many ways.

Shekhar achieved in five years what another student would have taken ten years to achieve. What is more, he showed rare skill at composing verses instantly. The guru told him that he had completed his studies and asked him what his future plans were.

"O Master, if you recommend my case to the king, I believe he will be pleased to make me his court-poet," said Shekhar. "But before I take up any work, I must give you something or do something for you to make you happy. Please tell me what I should give or do," he added.

The guru smiled and asked, "Will you promise to do as I say?"

"Sir, I will do as you say if the task is not beyond me," said Shekhar.

"Very good. I want you to marry my daughter, my only child. That will be reward enough for me," said Jayananda.

Shekhar remained silent. The guru was a bit surprised. "What do you say to my proposal?" he asked.

"Pardon me, sir, I cannot do this. I have looked upon you as my father. Your daughter is like my sister. I cannot marry her,"

said Shekhar.

Jayananda tried to persuade him to change his mind. He assured Shekhar that there was nothing wrong in one marrying one's teacher's daughter. But Shekhar remained adamant.

"I understand. You are proud of your scholarship. You believe that ■ the king's court-poet, one day you will become so famous that you can marry some wealthy man's daughter," said the guru.

"It is mean and selfish of you to say so," rebuffed Shekhar.

"Must you term the teacher who gave you knowledge and who helped you to become ■ poet, mean and selfish? I curse you.

You will forget all that you have learnt and forfeit your talent at composing verses!" screamed Jayananda and he sprinkled a little water on Shekhar.

Shekhar ran away. The curse had shocked him terribly. His years of labour and all his ambition came to nought!

He kept walking unmindful of rain or sun. Two or three days passed. He reached Srirangam. He swooned away just in front of the great temple of Sri Ranganatha.

A sage named Gangacharya who was coming out of the temple with his disciples, happened to see him. At his instruction his





disciples carried Shekhar to their gurukul and looked after him.

It was evening when Shekhar recovered from his swoon. Some young inmates of the Ashram were reciting prayers outside his room. He too joined them. By and by, he began reciting or singing verses composed by himself. So sweet was his voice and so fine were his verses that Gangacharya was greatly pleased. He called Shekhar into his room. Shekhar told him all that had happened.

"You are not only an excellent poet, but also a worthy scholar," said Gangacharya. "Be here for a week or so and fully recover. Then you can go wherever you like."

Shekhar was excited. "Sir, will you recommend me to the king here? I will like to become his court-poet," he said. The sage only said, "Let's wait."

Shekhar thanked him. Coming out of Gangacharya's room, he burst into a loud laugh.

"What happened?" asked the inmates of the gurukul.

"Nothing. Name any subject and you will hear me recite new verses on it," said Shekhar.

The young men around him named subjects and Shekhar composed instant verses on them. They expressed happiness and surprise. Shekhar laughed aloud once again.

Whenever Shekhar got an opportunity, he either lectured to the other young men or recited verses before them. Four or five days passed. He observed that his listeners were no longer interested in his feats. In fact, they even tried to avoid him. One day he overheard their conversation. One said, "What happened to Shekhar? He is becoming a bore. For a day or two at the beginning he appeared brilliant. Now what he composes is trite! And he does not realise it!"

Another said, "I suspect that what he recited during the first or

the second day of his stay were not his own verses. They were someone else's. What we hear now are his own!".

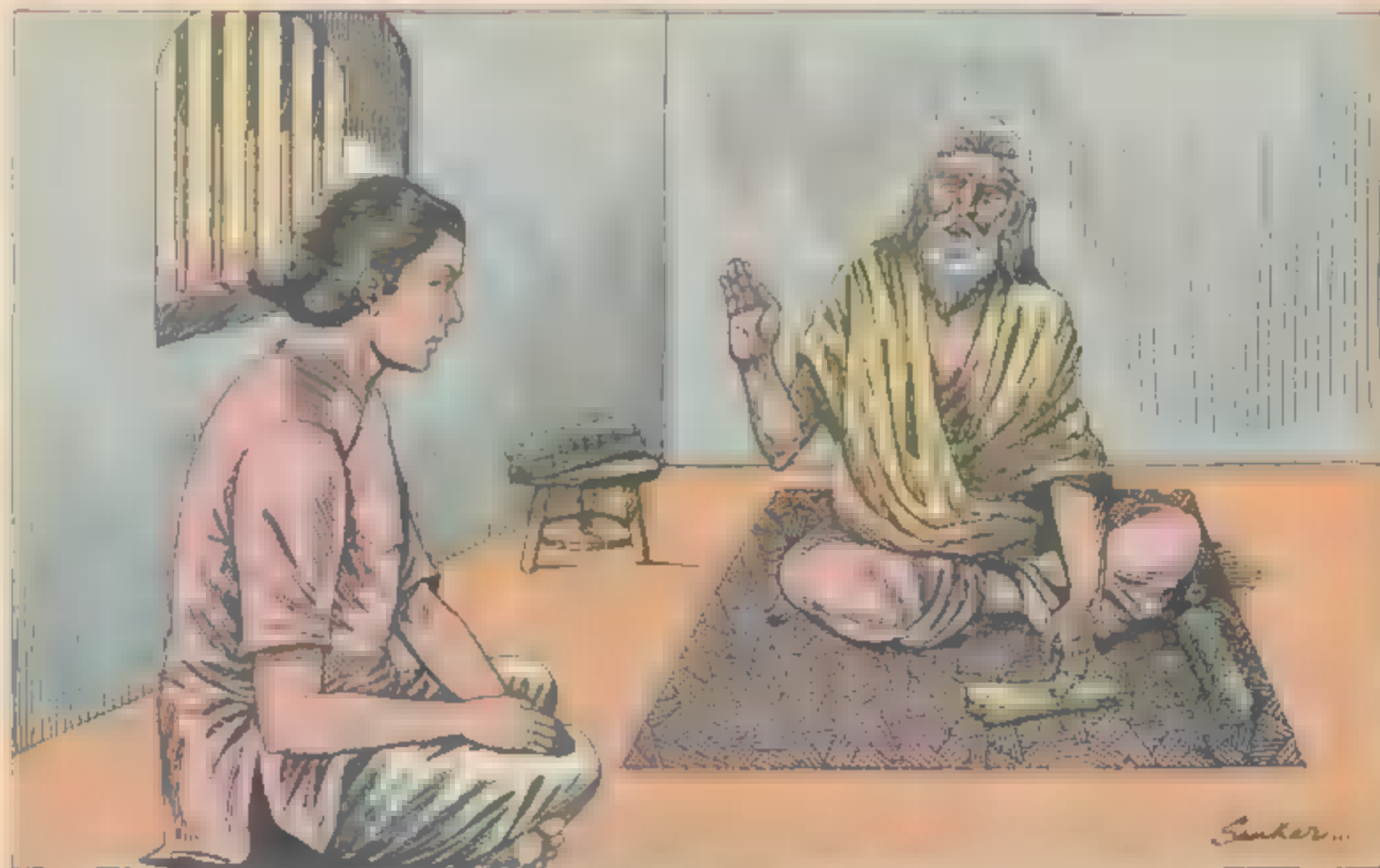
Shekhar stood stunned. He did not speak with anybody. In the evening he reported the matter to Gangacharya. The sage heard him with patience and said, "I expected this to happen. But don't worry. Go back to your guru and ask for his forgiveness. Everything will be all right."

Shekhar started for Jayananda's house at Madhurapura.

The vampire paused for a moment and then demanded of King Vikram in a challenging tone:

"Tell me, O King, what really happened to Shekhar? Did his guru's curse work on him? Or it did not? Why did he laugh? And why did Sage Gangacharya advise him to seek his guru's forgiveness? Answer me, O king, if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your head."

Forthwith answered King Vikram: The guru's curse was both effective and ineffective. It was ineffective at the beginning because Jayananda proved really mean when he uttered the curse. Nevertheless, his curse remained as a power, waiting for its chance



Sanjay...



to become effective. Shekhar, who was under the impression that his guru's curse had already deprived him of his scholarship and poetic gift, suddenly grew proud when he realised that his qualities had remained intact. That is why he laughed more than once. When he began to feel proud, his guru's curse began to be effective. Gradually he lost his talents.

"Jayananda had not been mean when Shekhar accused him of meanness. Jayananda was just angry because his hopes were belied. And what he told Shekhar

was not incorrect. Shekhar was ambitious. But Jayananda became mean when Shekhar called him mean. In his meanness he uttered that curse. But a guru who has taken the pains to educate a student will never like the student to forget his lessons. Sage Gangacharya was confident that Jayananda will pardon Shekhar for the young man's rude words and Shekhar will get back his lost talents. That is why he advised Shekhar to go back to him."

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

**MAKE SURE OF YOUR COPY OF ENGLISH
CHANDA MAMA
BY PLACING A REGULAR ORDER
WITH YOUR NEWS AGENT**

THE TEMPLE FOR THE LORD OF DWARAKA

Dwaraka is the fabled city founded by Lord Krishna. After the passing away of Krishna, the city was believed to have been submerged. Excavations going on today show that a sprawling city is indeed lying under the waters.

However, the city that developed after the old city was gone, has continued to worship Lord Krishna through the ages. The most important temple dedicated to Krishna is the temple of Dwarakadhish (the Lord of Dwaraka) or Jagat Mandir. The original temple is said to have been built by Vajranabha, the great-grandson of Krishna. That was in the mythical times.

The temple is situated on the banks of the river Gomati.





THE KIDNAPPED PRINCESS

This happened long ago. In a forest lived an old woman. She was extremely adept at all kinds of wizardry and black magic. The master who had passed on the knowledge to her had warned her, saying, "My daughter, never apply your power to harm anybody. I am giving you my knowledge because if I don't, it may be lost to mankind. So, you must use the knowledge with discretion."

The woman remembered the advice for some years. Then she forgot all about it. She started amusing herself with her powers. An innocent woodcutter would suddenly find a tiger pouncing

upon him. He would faint. In fact, there was no tiger. The woman created an illusion to see the fun of it.

However, people outside the forest came to know about the woman's uncanny powers. They feared her; at the same time they approached her to get their problems solved. The woman helped them if she was pleased. The people who benefited by her help heaped gifts on her and flattered her. She grew very proud. She moved about in the forest like an empress.

She had a sister who told her once or twice, "I think you are being unfaithful to your master. You

are putting your knowledge to wrong use."

"What is that to you? Go away, if you are displeased with my ways," the witch would say.

And the sister really went away and lived in a different hut.

The witch had a son. He was as arrogant as he was foolish. But the witch thought that he was a brilliant boy and quite charming too! She called him Gunadhar, meaning the personification of virtues!

One day Gunadhar told his mother, "What if I fetch a daughter-in-law for you?"

The witch smiled and said, "My son, I was going to tell you about it myself. " She taught him a hymn and said, "Go and stand before the magic mirror and recite this hymn. Then tell the mirror to show the face of the most beautiful girl in the kingdom."

Gunadhar jumped with joy. He did as advised by his mother. A beautiful face flashed on the mirror. The pet crow of his mother informed him that she was none other than the princess!

Gunadhar told his mother what he saw and said pleadingly, "Mother, don't I deserve to marry her?"



"Who deserves to marry her if not you? Meet the king and introduce yourself to him and tell him that you wish to marry his daughter. Carry the magic wand with you. If necessary, impress him by showing some magic. And tell him that he shall be ruined if he does not oblige you."

The witch then told her crow to accompany him.

Gunadhar appeared before the king and whistled merrily. The king was surprised. The young man made a small courtesy to him and grinned.

"What do you want?" asked the king, a bit annoyed.



"I wish to take the princess away with me, to serve as my mother's daughter-in-law," said Gunadhar with a twinkle in his eyes.

"What... What do you say?" the king was at his wit's end.

"What kind of a king are you? Don't you understand what I am saying cleverly? What I mean is, I will like to marry your daughter. Make the necessary arrangements," said Gunadhar.

The king stood trembling in anger. Gunadhar did not realise that. He said, "My dear king, what stops you from showing me the courtesy which a would-be

son-in-law deserves?"

The king controlled his passion and said, "Right. We will give you what you deserve." He clapped his hands. An attendant came running. "Call the executioner!" ordered the king.

The executioner appeared there in no time. At a hint from the king, he and his assistants took hold of Gunadhar and dragged him to the execution ground. When Gunadhar realised that they proposed to behead him, he looked for the magic wand. Alas! He had forgotten to bring it in his great hurry.

Needless to say, he lost his head.

The crow flew back to the witch and reported to her the incident. The witch became mad with fury. With the concentration of all her magic powers, she whisked the princess away from the castle at night.

It created a great sensation in the morning. The king's men fanned out in all directions in search of the princess. The king suspected black magic. He entered the forest himself. Imagine his happiness when he saw the princess seated under a tree, all

alone.

"Is it you, my child?" he cried out.

The princess looked at him. But suddenly there rose a cloud of ashes from the ground which almost blinded the king. And from that screen of ashes emerged a terrible-looking demon. It rushed upon the king. The king had to retreat.

The king tried to go near the princess again the next day. But the same situation was repeated. The king's general, his minister and his other senior officers too tried to approach the princess, but they were all driven away by the demon who emerged from the ashes everytime.

The king announced, "Whoever can rescue the princess will marry her!"

Several young men took up the challenge and tried to approach the princess, but the fearful demon made them take to their heels. Some of them did not know that they could run so fast. One or two swooned away.

A young man named Madhav who did not know anything about the king's announcement watched the drama. He was



physician's son and he had been to the forest in search of some herbs. Whenever the cloud of ashes subsided, he could see the princess sitting alone and weeping. He felt convinced that the man or the woman who had cast a spell on her, can alone free her from the spell. Madhav looked for the culprit here and there. He saw a hut, but it was deserted. But a crow flew out of it and cawed on, attracting his attention to it. It flew in a certain direction, halting from time to time to enable the young man to follow it.

Following the crow, the young man reached another hut in which

lived the witch's sister. When Madhav told her about the plight of the princess, she said, "I know about it. My sister, the witch, was so angry at the death of her son that she wanted to change the princess into a beast. But the princess was a devotee of Mother Durga. My sister's spell did not work on her. My sister was blind with fury. She uttered some incantation and went up in flames herself. She had made me promise that I will spread her ashes around the princess. I did so. Her spirit assumes the form of a demon whenever anybody treads on her ashes."

"Is there no way to liberate the princess?" Madhav asked anxiously.

"There is. When my sister began to burn, she also began to repent for what she had done. She

said that one who can decipher the meaning of a verse, will be able to liberate the princess," said the witch's sister.

"What is that verse?" asked Madhav.

Said the old woman:
With her murmur
A thousand sprang to life
With her power
The princess becomes your
wife!

As soon as Madhav heard the verse, its meaning became clear to him. The sacred river Ganga had brought to life a thousand ancestors of Bhagiratha. The Ganga flowed through the forest. Madhav fetched the sacred waters and sprinkled on the ashes of the witch. No demon appeared any more. He rescued the princess.

As promised by the king, she became his wife.



THE ROYAL SEAL

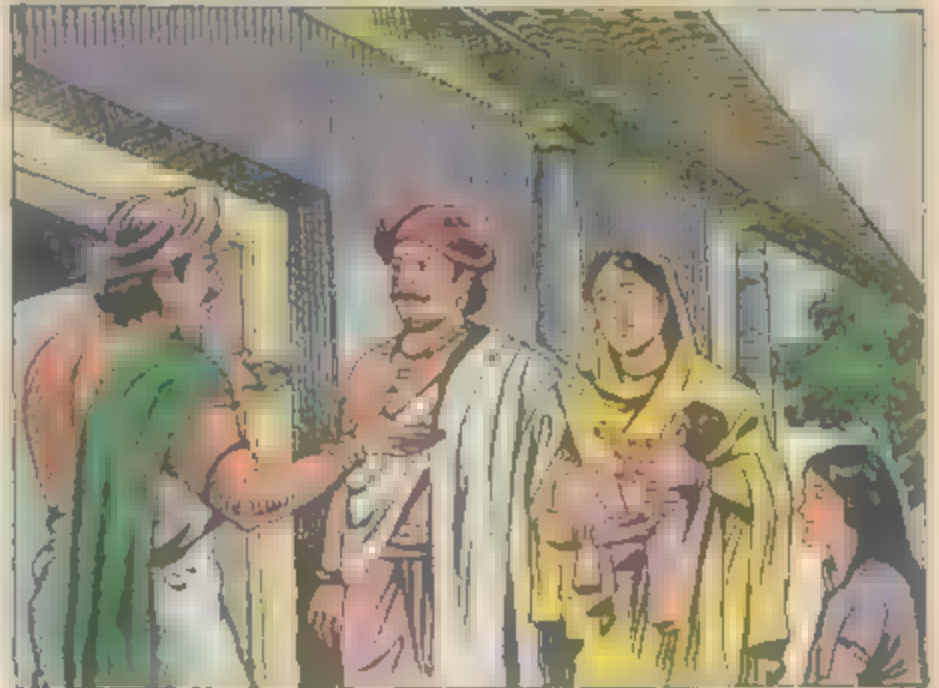
(3)

(The story of Mudrarakshasa)

(Story so far: Prince Chandragupta, with the help of Chanakya who had been insulted by the Nanda rulers of Magadha, dethroned the Nandas. Chandragupta became the king and Chanakya his minister. Then they killed Parvataka, a king who had helped them.)



Rakshasa, the faithful minister of the Nandas, left his family with a wealthy jeweller of the city of Pushpapur or Pataliputra the capital of Magadha. The jeweller, Chandandas, promised to protect them at any cost.

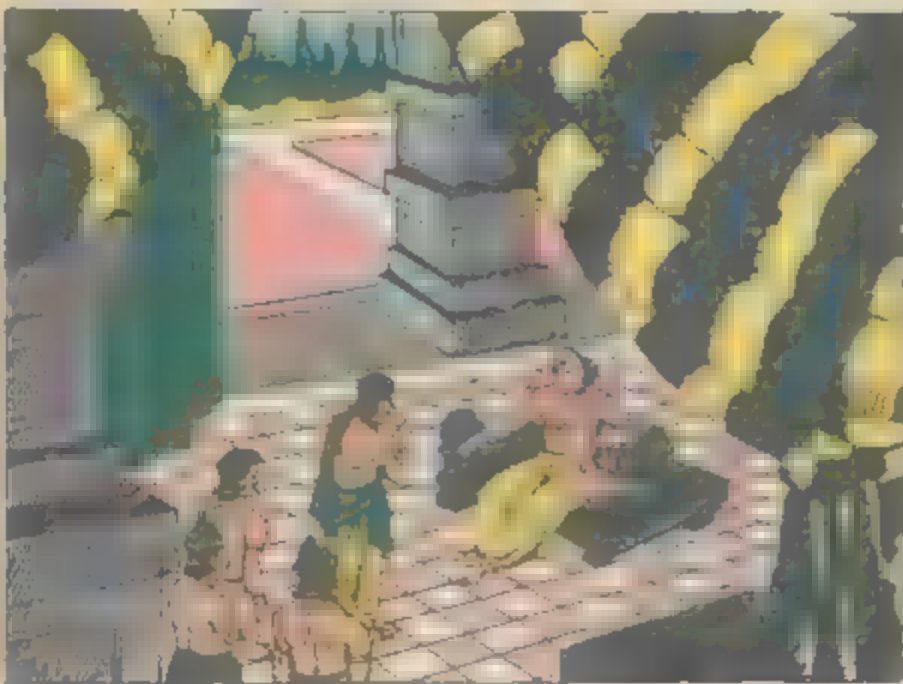
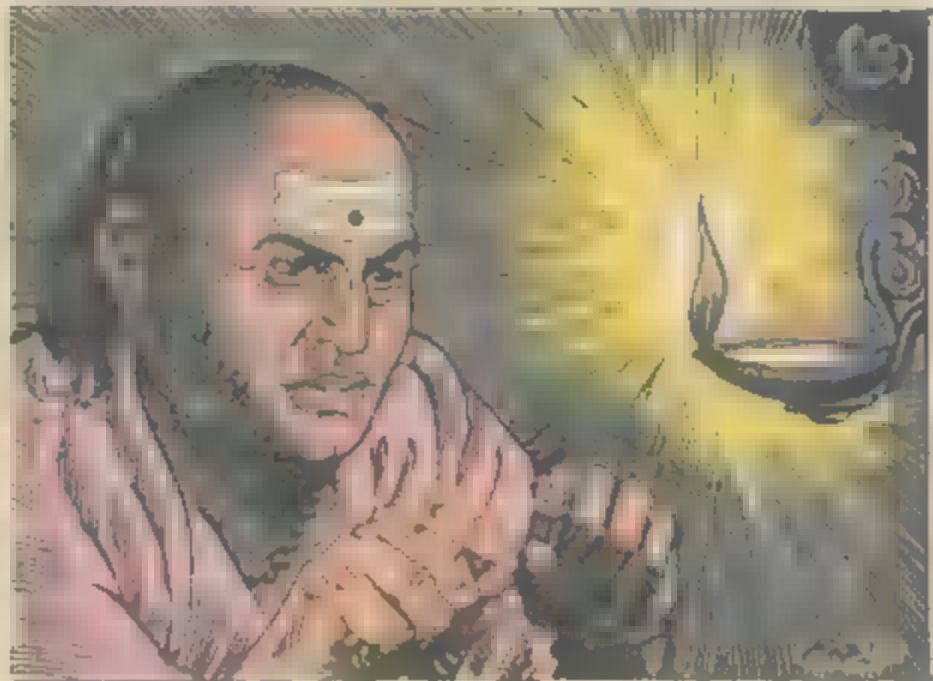


Rakshasa then joined Malayaketu, the son of Parvataka, who had been poisoned to death by a dancing girl appointed to do so by Chanakya. Prince Malayaketu and Rakshasa became great friends.



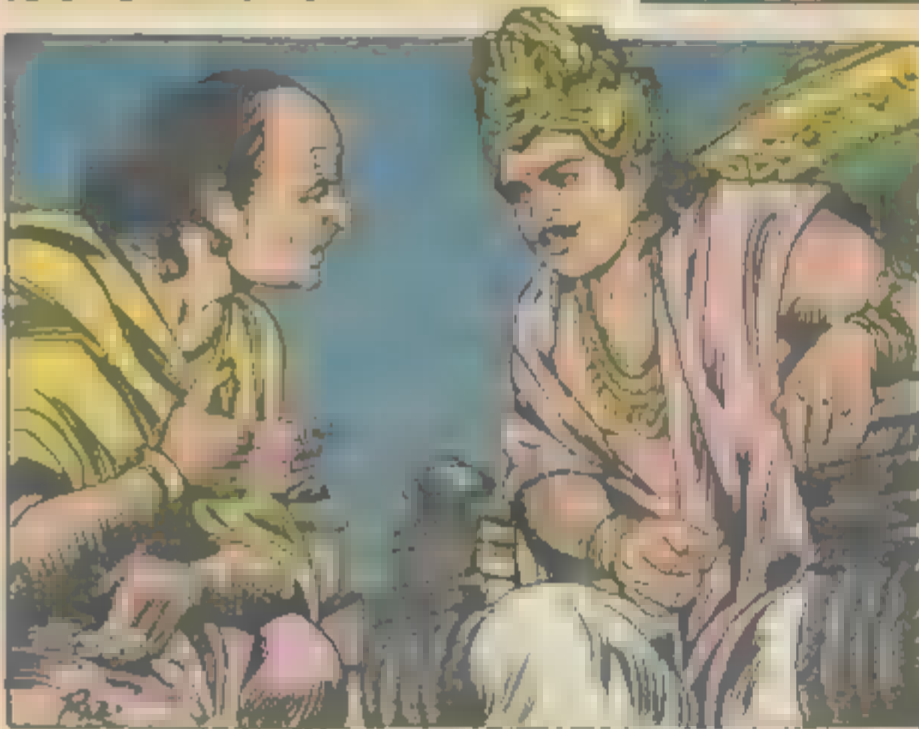
Rakshasa went on mobilising support of the nobility and the princes against Chandragupta and Chanakya. He was determined to avenge the destruction of the dynasty of his masters, the Nandas.

Through his spies, Chanakya received the report of Rakshasa's efforts. He knew that Rakshasa was as sincere as he was intelligent. He will not let Chandragupta rule in peace. Chanakya took a vow never to rest until he had won Rakshasa to his side.



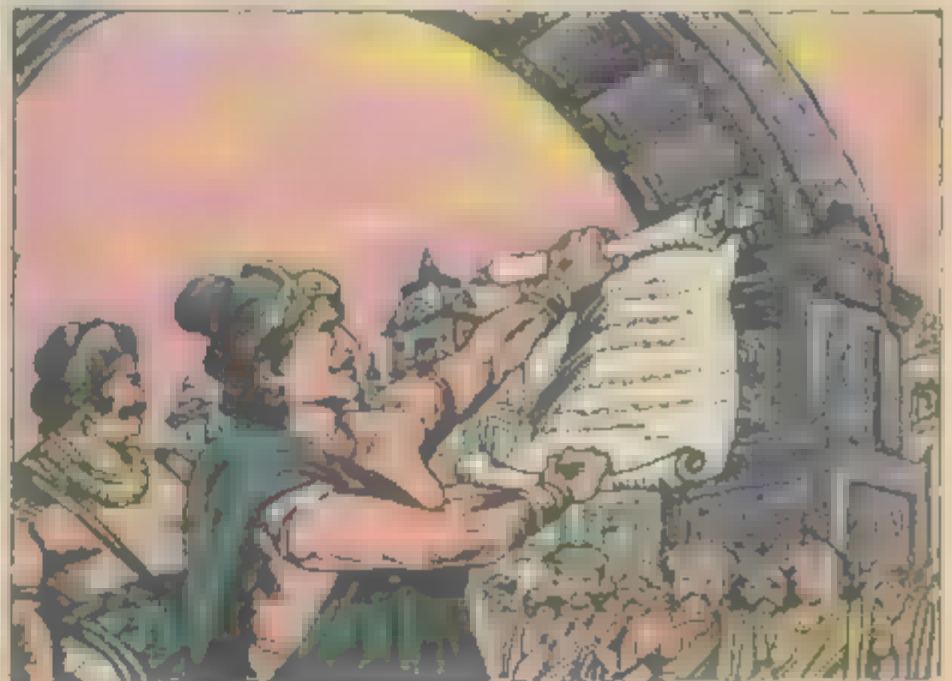
Chanakya confronts Chandandas, the jeweller. "You are disloyal to our king, Chandragupta," he says. "How sir? I've done nothing against the king!" protests Chandandas. "You gave shelter to the family of the king's enemy, Rakshasa!" said Chanakya angrily.

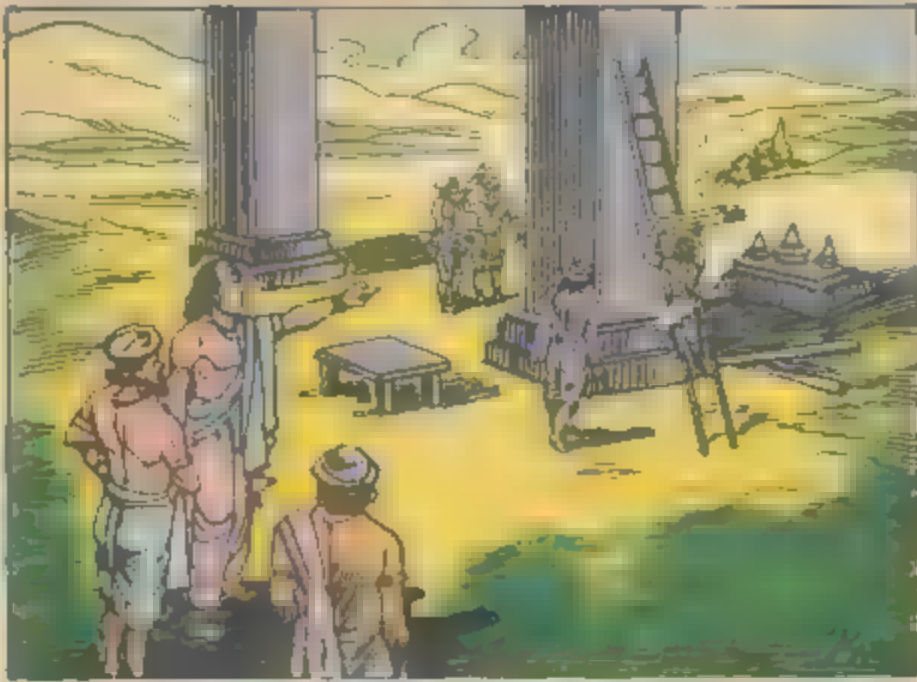
"I could not have refused shelter to the wife and children of a friend in distress!" said the jeweller. "That is treason!" said Chanakya, though in his heart he admired the jeweller. "You must be arrested!" he yelled. And the jeweller was arrested.



"O King," Chanakya told Chandragupta in confidence, "we must break the friendship between Malayaketu and Rakshasa—and bring Rakshasa to our side. For that we have to enact a drama. We have to create an impression that we have quarrelled with each other."

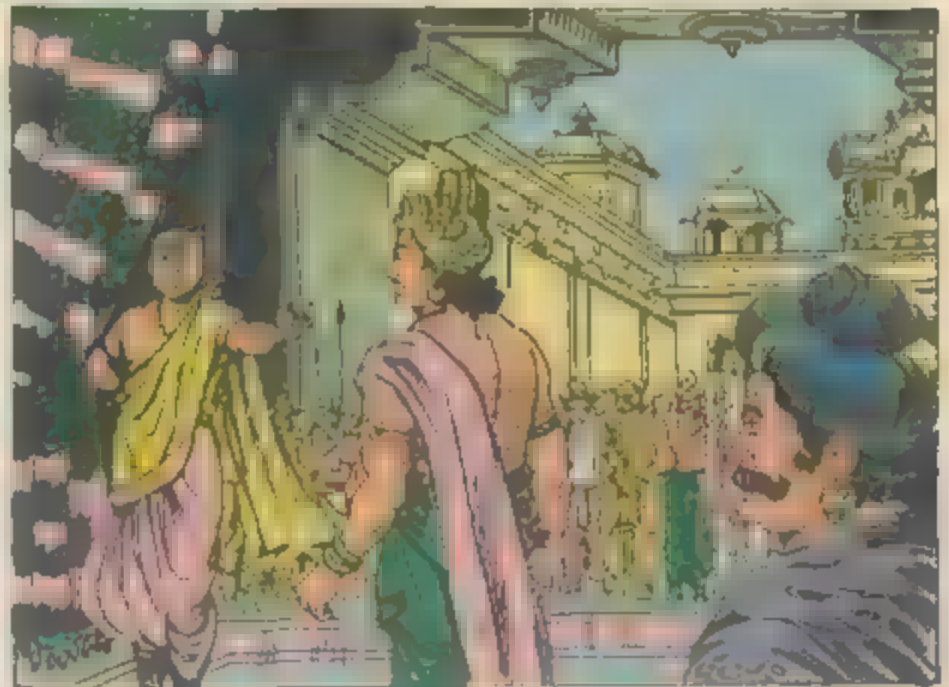
The two decided upon a plan. Accordingly, Chandragupta decided that there will be great festivities all over the city to celebrate the advent of autumn. The royal heralds announced the decision with the beating of drums.





Suddenly Chanakya asked the people who were making a decorative arch to dismantle it. "There will be no festivity. This is my order!" he said angrily. ■ were stunned.

This was reported to King Chandragupta. He summoned Chanakya to his court and demanded to know why he had opposed his decision. Chanakya retorted that this ■ no time for festivities, for Malayaketu and Rakshasa were planning ■ invade Pushpapuri!



The two pretended ■ indulge in heated arguments. Suddenly Chandragupta said that Rakshasa was a wiser minister than Chanakya. Chanakya feigned extreme anger and announced that he was giving ■ his minister-ship. Then he went away.

—To ■

THE FAKE JUDGE

In days gone by there was a judge who had a very smart servant. On many occasions when the judge conducted trials, he sat in a corner of the hall and observed the proceedings.

And behind the judge, he often said, "If I had an opportunity to sit in my master's chair, I can also judge like him."

The servant's boasting reached the judge's ears. Curious he asked the servant to sit in the chair, of course, disguised as a respec-

table old man, wearing a false beard and donning costly clothes. The judge announced to his court, "Here is my old friend, a retired judge, who will take my place while I attend to some important business." But he remained behind the screen.

There was a small case to be tried. A fellow had stolen a fowl. The fake judge heard the complaint and said, "Go and steal another fowl!" Turning to the guards, he said, "Don't neglect to





arrest him after he has stolen the second fowl! I shall then pronounce my judgement!"

Everybody in the court sat amazed. The real judge came out of his hiding and led the fake judge away into his private room. There he asked the servant, "What kind of judgement was that? Why must the fellow steal once again?"

"Master, a few days ago a fellow had been accused of stealing two fowls. You had fined him one silver coin. Now, as you know, there is no half silver coin available. How could have I fined the fellow a full silver coin unless he had stolen two fowls?"

The judge heaved a sigh. "Enough. Take off the beard and the judge's robe!" he said.

THE NAUGHTY BAPLU

The naughty Baplu was never tired of disturbing others. One day the village blacksmith became his target. He went on hopping around him and bothered him with all sorts of questions.

The blacksmith decided to scare him away. He held out a red hot piece of iron in his pincer close to the boy's face.

"If you give me a rupee, I will kiss it," said Baplu.

The blacksmith was stunned at the boy's audacity. "Will you? Surely? Do you give me your word?"

"I give you my word of honour," said Baplu.

The blacksmith gave him a one-rupee coin. Baplu kissed the coin and ran away with it. "Have I not kept my word?" he said with a giggle, reaching the ice-cream vendor.





THE BLIND HERMIT

King Nagverma went into the forest for hunting. He was accompanied by his general and a few soldiers.

They decided that in case they move away from each other in the course of hunting, they will meet under a mango tree near an ant-hill.

They got separated from one another. When it was noon, each became eager to reach the appointed spot. But they could not remember the location of the tree and the ant-hill.

One of the soldiers of the king saw a hermit seated under a tree. At the sound of the horse's trots, the hermit goggled his eyes. The soldier could understand that he was blind.

Bringing his horse to a halt, the soldier asked the hermit, "Listen to me, you fellow, being blind, you could not have seen anybody,

but did you hear the sound of anybody passing by this way?"

Said the hermit, "No, my son, I did not hear anybody passing by this way."

The soldier rode away.

Soon thereafter the general happened to see the hermit. "Holy man, have you heard anybody galloping by this way?"

"Yes, commander, sir, a soldier rode by this way a little while ago," said the hermit and he showed the direction in which the soldier had gone by pointing his hand.

The general rode away.

Soon thereafter the king was there. He got off his horse and went near the hermit and asked, "O respected hermit, I am looking for the members of my party. Did you take note of anybody going by this way?"

"Your Majesty, at first a soldier

of yours passed by this way. He was followed by the general of your army. Both of them went in this direction." The hermit pointed the way they had gone by his hand.

The king was about to mount his horse, but he stopped and went back to the hermit again and asked, "O noble soul, had they introduced themselves to you? How otherwise did you know that one of them was ■ soldier and the other one was ■ general? I'm afraid, you have lost your eyesight."

"Your Majesty, they did not introduce themselves to me. From the manner of the first man's speech I understood that he was an ordinary soldier. The second man's language was polished. I understood that he was the general," replied the hermit.

"But my minister too would

have used polished language. How could you be so sure that he was the general and not the minister?" queried the king.

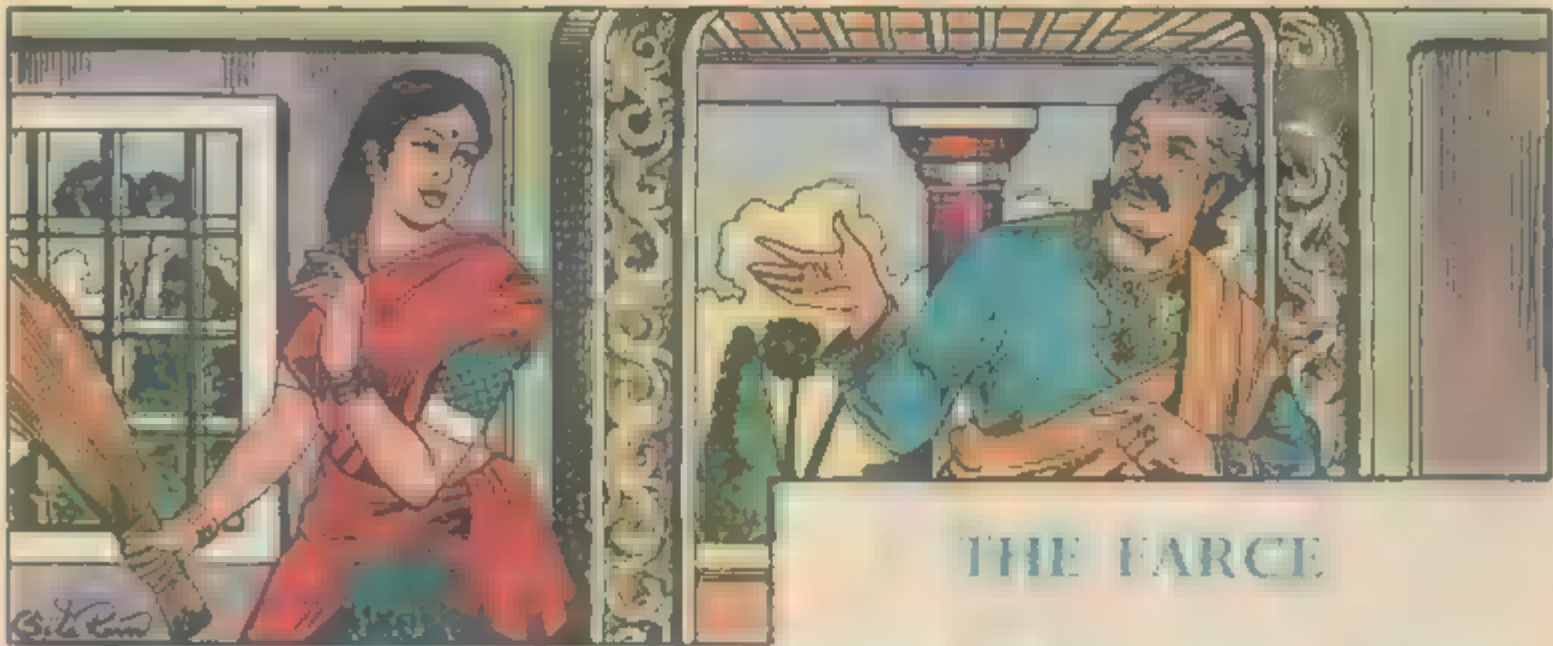
"While using polished language, the man spoke with authority and in a commanding voice. The minister's tone is expected to be mellow."

"Very well. But how did you know that I was the king?"

"My lord, I had heard that the king of this land is kind and courteous. Your words revealed these qualities. When you said that you were looking for the members of your party, I knew that you were the king. Nobody else could have referred to the party as 'my party'," explained the hermit.

The king thanked the hermit and praised his high common sense and went away.





THE FARCE

People of Sumanpur still remember the farce which their landlord enacted to make them laugh. Very few people, however, know that the author of the farce was not the landlord, but Gauri, his maid-servant.

It happened like this: The landlord had lost his wife. There were flatterers who told him to get married again. He did not listen to them. But one day, looking at the beautiful Gauri, who was sweeping his floor, he suddenly thought that she should make a good wife. She was the daughter of a poor farmer. She should be humble and obedient.

He called Gauri. He coughed and hemmed and then managed to put forth the proposal.

Gauri was surprised and embarrassed. She was in no mood to marry an old man! But

how can she say No to a venerable man?

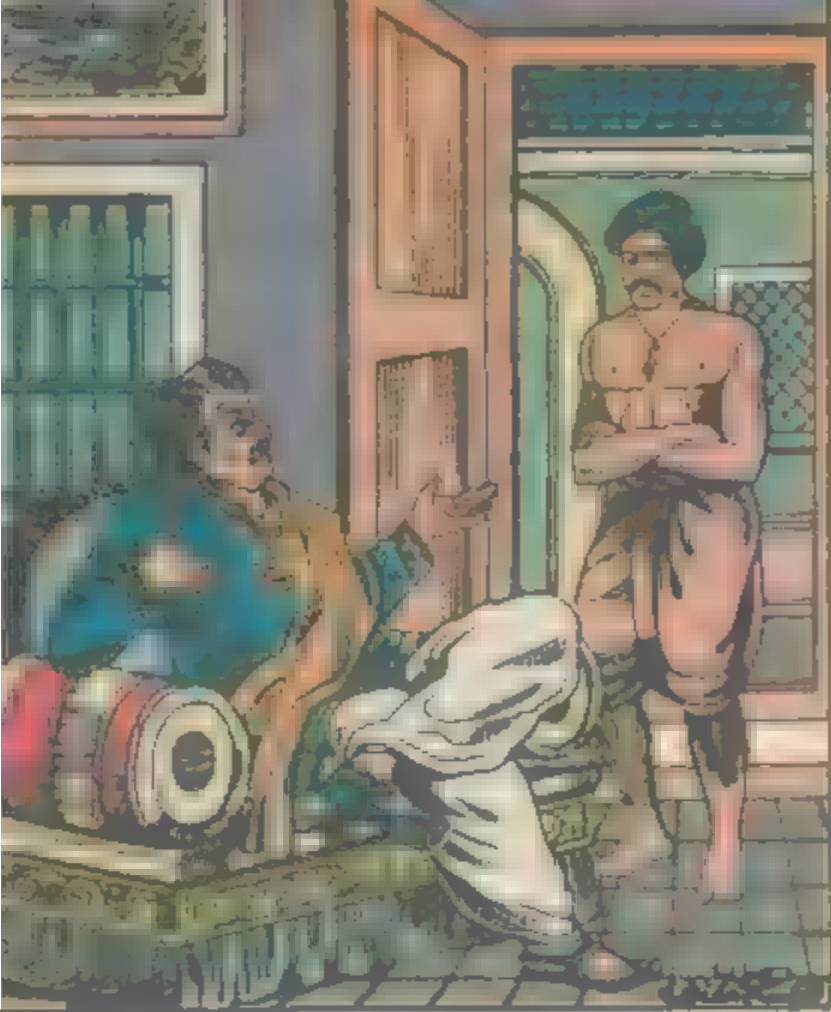
"Sir, I cannot think of marriage now. I have to look after my father. He will feel helpless without me," said Gauri.

"Can't I take care of your father? Don't you have that much trust in my capacity?" asked the landlord.

"But, sir, I don't wish to marry now!" said Gauri, this time a bit rudely.

The landlord told himself that it was no use speaking to the girl. He can very well speak to her father.

He summoned Gauri's father, Madhav, and put forth his proposal before him. Madhav had already heard about it from Gauri. His daughter had told him, "Father, even if the landlord promises to cover me in diamonds, I will not marry him!



I used to address his wife as mother. How can I marry him?"

"Sir?" said Madhav. "my daughter is a pampered child. Because she lost her mother when she was a small child, I have never been able to command her to do this or do that. Give me some time, I'll persuade her to marry you."

"Very well," said the landlord and he promised Madhav free land and a number of other facilities.

But how long to wait? Almost a year passed. The landlord summoned Madhav once again and asked him when he proposed to marry Gauri to him.

Madhav sighed and said. "Sir, the only course left before you is to marry her forcibly. Get ready for the occasion. I'll send her to you. Your people should lead her straight to the priests and make her sit down. The priests should do the needful hurriedly. Gauri may be unwilling to marry, but she will accept her fate once the matter is over."

The landlord found the idea quite sound. He went ahead with preparations. He did not wish to give any publicity to it, but he was the landlord. Anything that happens in his household becomes widely known. The news that he was going to marry spread in the village, but nobody knew who the bride was.

When it was time for the ritual, the landlord called a servant of his and told him, "Madhav is to despatch something to me. Fetch it."

The servant met Madhav. "Brother, what your master wishes to have is to be found in my field. Go there."

The servant went to Madhav's field and found Gauri there. "The landlord was to receive something from your father and your father said that it is to be

found here. What is it?"

"It is that dark young mare, of course!" said Gauri, without the slightest hesitation.

The servant led the mare to his master's house. There was a crowd in front of the house, curious about the wedding. The servant tied the mare to a pillar in the backyard and reported to his master that he had brought what was to be brought.

"Good. Take her upstairs. Ask our maid-servants to dress her like a bride. The bridal clothes and ornaments are in my bedroom."

"Dress her as a bride, sir?" the servant, taken aback, asked.

The landlord smiled, "Yes, my faithful boy! Do as I say. Bring her to the wedding dais outside. Don't ask a single ques-

tion. Go about your business quickly!" said the landlord and he went out and sat down near the priest.

A little later the servant was seen dragging the mare, ■ saree wrapped around her, to the wedding dais.

There were peals of laughter. The landlord stood up and left the place in ■ huff. Someone said, "We all insisted on our landlord getting married again. He acted in a way as if he was going to satisfy us! But he wanted to ridicule us by presenting a farce before us. Who could have known that he was not the kind of man to marry once again at this phase of his life!"

And all accepted it as a farce devised by the witty landlord to amuse them!



AN INCIDENT IN THE RESTAURANT

Nirmal Kumar Pai writes from Bangalore to know what are meant by OXFAM, MUFTI, OAU and COMECON —terms which he often comes across in newspapers.

OXFAM is Oxford Committee for Famine Relief. MUFTI is Minimum Use of Force Tactical Intervention, OAU is Organisation of African Unity and COMECON is Council for Mutual Economic Assistance.

Further he wants to know whether stops should be used in such abbreviations or not whether U.N.O. is correct or UNO is correct.

Both are correct. Generally, at the beginning, an abbreviation carries stops. The tendency is to dispense with the stops gradually.

One of our readers who does not wish us to give out his name relates a rather embarrassing experience which he would like to share with the other readers for their benefit. In a city restaurant he was having coffee with a friend.

"Can I have some liquor?" he asked an attendant when he saw that they had run out of their liquid coffee, though they had enough milk and sugar on their table.

"Oh yes." The attendant immediately called a colleague of his who was already holding a tray with two or three kinds of alcoholic drinks and who was heading for another table. "Whisky or..." he went on naming the different kinds and brands of alcohol they had in stock.

Some elderly people looked at the boy and his friend with curiosity, for both were very young.

The boys explained to the bearer what they really wanted and of course they got it. But they are puzzled. They know that the liquid coffee is called liquor. Or are they wrong?

There are two similar words, *liquor* and *liqueur*, with very slight difference in pronunciation. An alcoholic preparation is liqueur. Anything liquid is liquor. But often the alcoholic drink too is called liquor and that creates all the confusion.

Never mind, friends, your politely declining the tray-holder's readiness to serve you also must have been observed by the elderly customers.





LET US KNOW

When did the Aryan invasion of India take place?

— *Sukumar Bhattacharya,
Calcutta.*

The theory of the Aryan 'invasion' of India, though widely accepted by historians and practically everybody for long, does not seem to stand a closer scrutiny. Recently ■■ at least some historians ■■■ having second thoughts on the theory. Western historians who framed the theory have never put forth any strong argument or evidence in favour of it. It seems to have been taken for granted.

The earliest literatures of the Aryans, the Vedas, nowhere speak of any lost or abandoned homeland. This is important, for it is only natural for the migrants to think of their original land.

Also, recent archaeological discoveries do not support the theory of any Aryan invasion. Historians were under the impression that the horse was brought into India by the Aryans. But in 1973 remains of horses belonging to the time of the Harappan Civilisation were discovered in Ganganagar district of Rajasthan.

Who designed the city of Chandigarh?

— *R. Ramachandran,
Madras.*

Le Corbusier, ■ French architect.

I am puzzled by a question put to me by ■ pen-friend living outside India: Which Indian city has two names, but both the ■■■■ commemorate the memory of one man? Can you help me?

— *Vishnupriya,
Guwahati.*

We believe your friend is referring to Jamshedpur, the other name of which is Tatanagar. Both the names come from Jamshedji Tata.

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PICKS FROM THE WISE

Speech is the index of the mind.

— Seneca.

The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

— New Testament, Matthew, XXVI, 41

Learning without thought is labour lost.

— Confucius.



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1

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I. Prize

Sanjay Chakravorti,
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Sion,
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